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MISS ALICE HUGHES,

THE HON. MRS. GRETTON AND HER CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street,



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE PLAGUE . . . OF DOGFISH.

WE have on previous occasions drawn attention to the dogfish which are playing havoc with the fishing on many parts of the coast, and within the last few days some most interesting evidence has been given before the Cornwall Sea Fisheries Committee. As is well known, this body was appointed to enquire into the depredations of dogfish, and the injuries they inflict on nets. The witnesses are certainly bringing information into intelligible and well-defined limits. There are, it seems, four species of dogfish concerned, one known locally as the miller. It is a shark-like fish, which has no spur, but a very damaging set of teeth. It is, however, not a very numerous species, and is not reckoned to amount to more than 5 per cent. of the total number of dogfish. The second species is that known as the nursehound. This one is much larger than the miller, but resembles it in having no spur, though it has a very rough excrescence on the skin. But the most destructive of the whole tribe is the spurdog, which is found in immense shoals. This dogfish seems to be gregarious in its habits, and one of the witnesses expressed himself as certain that it followed the pilchards, and was of opinion that it chased the herrings also. The fishermen, who, however, are not accustomed to use precise

language, say that the spurdogs appear in the sea by millions at a time, and the great dense masses that are to be seen go far to justify the expression. An eye-witness described the nets that suffered from them as torn in a manner which he had never observed before; there was scarcely a square yard unbroken. He relates that "on the occasion when the nets were broken the quantity of dogfish around the boats was so great that they had to use an oar to keep the boat in proper position." One man said they might have got out of the boat and walked on them. The spurdogs have two spurs on the back, one behind each dorsal fin, and greatly resemble sharks in their movements. The mouth being on the under part, the fish turns over in attacking its prey, and if it finds any resistance it doubles itself up and rips large holes in the resisting body with its spurs. This is done partly to obtain its prey and partly to escape from the nets.

A curious fact about the dogspur is that, like many wild birds, it is affected by any artificial light seen at night. This species of dogfish is attracted by the lights of boats, and a fisherman related that he had more than once turned the lights off in order to get in the nets. The fish were lying heavy on them, and it appeared that as soon as darkness was produced the number suffered a considerable diminution. Undoubtedly this is the fish that does most of the mischief, and when dogfish are caught it usually happens that from 70 to 80 per cent. turn out to be spurdogs. The damage they do may be estimated somewhat by the evidence given by two fishermen. One man, for instance, John MacConnell, related that two winters ago one eighth of the freight of nets was destroyed by dogfish in a single night, and it took one man's spare time, five months, to repair the damage, which from October to Christmas had been from £8 to £10. The other fisherman had suffered to an equal degree, and he said that, "One night, fishing on one side of Rame Head, they saw the nets knocking on the surface of the water in three places. Shortly afterwards they saw oil coming from these spots, and knew that it was caused by the dogfish eating the pilchards; they started to drag in the nets as quickly as they could, and by the time they got them in there was not a whole pilchard left. A portion of the nets were entirely destroyed."

Much evidence confirmatory of this tale was given. James Toms, a drift fisherman, who claimed to speak from personal knowledge, said that "One night last season they shot their nets four miles off Looe Island, thinking that there was a great shoal of pilchards, because the buoys went down. They put on their oilskins and set to work. They got on board about five hundred pilchards, but their nets were made like a honeycomb. The dogfish were so numerous that they looked like the stones on the beach." The geographical distribution of the dogfish seems to be fairly well defined. They are most plentiful between Looe Island and the Bolt, and fairly numerous between Denman Point and Start Point. Their usual habit is to range along the coast close to low-water mark. They have been seen in large numbers from Rame Head, and have been known to extend as far as thirty miles out from the Eddystone. They begin to be numerous in August, and continue in large numbers until November, while the best time for catching pilchards is from July until the end of September. The dogfish itself has a certain edible value. Edward Middleton, a fish merchant, said that in the course of a month he had purchased sixty-seven tons of dogfish. They cost him 6s. a barrel, the expense averaged 9s. a barrel, and they sold at 18s. 6d. a barrel. In four or five towns a taste for dogfish was developing, and a demand had sprung up for them in Billingsgate. He had himself eaten dogfish, and considered that the flavour was very similar to that of whiting. Perhaps this was the best news told in the course of the proceedings. If the dogfish were found palatable and can be sold at a moderate price, the number would soon be diminished. The only other suggestion made during the enquiry was that a space known to be infested by dogfish should be charged with dynamite and fired by electricity, but we can scarcely think that this remedy is a practical one. It would probably result in only a very small number, relatively speaking, being killed. As far as we can see, by far the most practicable method of reducing the number of dogfish is to encourage their use as an article of diet. Could any large number of people be found to adopt the view of the fishmonger that dogfish tastes exactly like whiting, no doubt trawlers would soon be found to scoop them up by the thousand. Perhaps, however, we may be able to arrive at some other conclusion when the committee has finished the work in which it is now engaged of collecting evidence.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Gretton and her children. Mrs. Gretton is the daughter of Lord Ventry, and married in 1900 Mr. John Gretton, M.P., of Stapleford Park, Melton Mowbray.



It is very evident that Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes is going to become a very worthy successor to Lord Onslow at the Department of Agriculture, which recently has had the advantage of having very able men at the head of it. Only a few years ago it had the reputation of being as dilatory as the War Office; but the educational advantage of a succession of bright and vigorous Ministers has improved matters to a considerable extent. Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, as our readers know, is very much more than merely a theoretical agriculturist. He possesses one of the finest herds of Norfolk cattle in the country, which was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* of November 26th, 1904. He has always taken a very active share in the management of it himself, and is full of ideas that are applicable to the practical side of agriculture. In a speech which he made at Peterborough he gave a taste of his quality which gives us reason to expect that in no unworthy manner he will fill the shoes vacated by Lord Onslow and the late Mr. Hanbury.

The President of the Board of Education, working in co-operation with the Local Government Board, has appointed an inter-departmental committee to enquire into the methods employed for the provision of meals for children. We do not know whether a proposal is afoot or not to feed the children in the poorer classes of schools, though unless some such project is in the air the appointment of the committee would appear to be something like waste of energy; but the subject is a very difficult one indeed. On the one hand we have the statement that many of the pupils attending elementary schools are not adequately fed, especially at such times as the present, when trade is depressed and labour is over-plentiful; but, on the other hand, all economists are agreed that it would be most inadvisable to pauperise the children unnecessarily. It is good to see the children properly fed, but it is still more beneficial that the parents should not be allowed to escape from their natural responsibilities.

At present the great question in the East is in regard to the time at which peace is likely to be re-established. The warmest friends of Russia no longer pretend that she has even a remote chance of recovering the ground so ignominiously lost in her present campaign. On the contrary, the army must, as it has done before, go from bad to worse; men are failing, provisions are failing, and the railway is failing. No enthusiasm for war ever existed among the soldiery, who are by nature serfs rather than freemen, and, accordingly, possess little of that manly and martial spirit which leads to great military achievements. At home there is a disaffection which must act in a way to curtail the resources of the Empire. Thus, one course, and one course only, remains open to Russia, and it is to obtain peace on any terms. Whatever ambition may be nursed by her rulers they must learn to put aside, at least for the time being; they have been thoroughly beaten, and it would be the mere wantonness of cruelty to prolong the war any further. The only real difficulty is that Japan has not yet got hold of anything that could be retained as a guarantee for the payment of compensation; but the Mikado has to remember how far it is to St. Petersburg, and how difficult to lay siege to the enemy's camp.

One of the most remarkable men of any time is Señor Garcia, whose centenary was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony last Friday. Honours were showered on the man from the most enlightened countries of the world, and his praises were recited by the most distinguished orators of the day. He is not only old, but, in a sense, he began life very early. To most of us the name of Jenny Lind is only traditional; we know that she was a great singer in the time of our forefathers, but little else; and yet it was Señor Garcia, who to-day is living and in full possession of his faculties, who taught her to sing. And she was only one of many illustrious pupils, among whom were to be numbered Mathilde Marchesi, Johanna Wagner, Antoinette

Sterling, the Misses Macintyre, Orridge, Larkom, Thudichum, Julius Stockhausen, Bataille, and Charles Santley. It is sixty-four years since Señor Garcia published his well-known book on the art of singing, and it is quite half a century since he made that discovery of the laryngoscope with which his name will always be associated. Such dates take him out of the region of actuality, and make us think of him as a legendary figure. It is given to very few men to be told in their hundredth year how much they are appreciated by their contemporaries.

An election of Conservators of the Common takes place at Wimbledon on Wednesday next, and the residents have been a good deal agitated by a proposal to make a new road, which is alleged to be in the interests of golf. Upon enquiry it appears that the road was a short cut of about 280 yds. long from existing roads in order to avoid a loop of nearly three times the length with three inconvenient bends, and it was not proposed to alter the course of or stop up any existing road. The game of golf was played on the Common many years before it came under the control of Conservators under the Act of 1871, and under that Act the Conservators have power to regulate games. At the present time golf is played three days a week only, the result of a compromise many years ago, and no question of any extension of the present facilities enjoyed by golfers has been raised for several elections. Moreover, the new candidates who are seeking election have been particular in their addresses to disavow any intention to "interfere with the present facilities afforded for playing golf."

Those who are contemplating the building of houses will be interested to hear that according to one of our Austrian Consuls a new and beautiful marble has been discovered on the Monte Planik. Describing it, Mr. Churchill says that one section contains a white marble with a dim pink shade, whilst another section supplies an almost white marble with light pinkish and yellow veins. The quality is not yet quite accurately known, but where examples have been sent they have given the greatest satisfaction, and trial orders have been sent in in large quantities. At present most of the marble is being supplied in the rough, but as machines are being rapidly erected it will soon be possible to supply the polished stone. It is always very good hearing that something new in the way of decoration has been found out, and we trust that this new marble will fulfil the sanguine expectations formed in regard to it.

EVENING.

Over the marshes,
Through the tall rushes
Waving together,
Rustles the wind.
Where boomed the bittern,
Zigzags the plover
With shrill cries; leaving
Her nest behind.
Up the steep pathway
Where the gorse blazes,
Driving the kine home,
Trudges the hind.

C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD.

France is setting a good example to England in establishing orchards for experimental purposes. It is needless at this time of day to say much about the inferiority of the plants that usually find a place in English gardens, and there is nothing in which an English gardener is slower to find out a means of improvement. But in Hungary State farms of orchards have been established in order to provide seedlings and grafting stems, and in France a recent proposal to establish a model farm in the Department of Finisterre has been approved of. According to the estimate two and a half acres can be planted with 100 trees for the sum of £18, and the expenses in subsequent years would be very much reduced, so that altogether the experiment is one well worth the attention of the English Department of Agriculture.

Though no date has yet been fixed for its actual introduction, France has at length decided to adopt the inland penny post. A letter, that is to say, from and to any part of France will in a short time cost only ten centimes, instead of fifteen as at present. Though public opinion has for some time past expressed a desire for France to fall into line with nearly all other European countries, the French Post Office has pursued a cautious policy throughout. It was, indeed, only in 1878, nearly forty years after the principle of cheap postage was proved financially successful by the scheme of Rowland Hill, that inland postage in France was reduced from twenty-five centimes to fifteen. It is noteworthy that the increase of letter-writing in proportion to the cheapness of letter-postage, the principle on which Rowland Hill based his scheme, still continues to hold good. In Switzerland, where there is halfpenny letter-postage within a ten-mile radius, and of course penny postage outside it, more letters are

written for each head of the population than anywhere else in Europe. Even in France the Post Office receipts have increased by 250 per cent. since the postage-fee was reduced to 1½d., and there is little cause to fear that the further reduction now contemplated will result in a loss to the national exchequer.

One of the facts that the very abnormally severe winter all through the South of France has served to bring into marked prominence is the comparative hardihood of the camellia, which we in England regard generally as quite a hothouse plant, or, to say the least, one that requires peculiar shelter in the winter months. The temperature has been some 22deg. below the freezing point on the Fahrenheit thermometer, yet the camellia has withstood that degree of cold, infrequent in England and very rare in the South of France, and shows no indication of suffering from it. It is on record that in England, in those few Southern gardens in which the camellia is established as an out of door plant, it lived through the exceptionally cold winter of some ten years or so ago, although acres of gorse and whole shrubberies of laurels perished. These are indications that seem to show that the camellia, as an addition to our English gardens, is less appreciated than it deserves to be.

Very early this year a great rush of emigrants to Canada has begun to take place, due, no doubt, in great part, to the depression in commercial circles. At any rate, it has always been the case in the past that, when trade at home was in an unhealthy condition, the number of people who resolved to seek their fortunes abroad increased measurably. Last year somewhere about 55,000 emigrants left Great Britain for Canada, and that was only one-third of the number that went from the United States; but still there is ample room for more, and the Canadian Government assert that they can easily find room for at least 1,000,000 during the present year. At the same time, they issue a much-needed warning about people going out. A man ought not to take his family if he has no capital, but go out first himself, and bring them out when he has raised the means. Canada, as a matter of fact, opens the best field in the world for young men who are not averse from labour.

Sunday was the first really delightful day that we have had this spring. The sun shone for a great many hours, and the air was so soft as to be almost imperceptible, and around London it was quite comfortable to take coffee outside, just as though it had been the middle of May. Everything in Nature seemed to feel the sweetness of the day; some of us pulled our first primroses, and it could not but be noticed that the grass in the meadows was greener than it had been for some time. No doubt it was partly due to the plentiful supply of water that has come down during the past few weeks. At one time, farmers in some parts of the country were almost in despair, as they had little experience of such a drought as occurred during the past winter. But all the windows of heaven have been opened since then, and much low-lying meadow-land is under water, while the springs have been replenished throughout the country.

London is a town that exemplifies to an extraordinary degree the Latin proverb *Rus in Urbe*. It has green places where the approach of spring can be studied as early and as delightfully as in any part of the country, but it would be news to many people that the London County Council possesses quantities of land that can be let out as allotments. This was not contemplated when the Allotments Act was passed, and the London County Council was not given the powers accorded to similar bodies throughout Great Britain. To remedy this difficulty a Bill has been brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Williams Benn, late Chairman of the County Council, which provides that, subject to the general provisions of the Allotments Act, the authorities at Spring Gardens may purchase or hire suitable land to let to persons desirous of taking allotments. No allotment is to exceed one acre in extent, but it would be extremely interesting to find if this device for procuring rural occupation is likely to answer. It certainly would be a great advantage to many of those who are engaged in factory and workshop if they had a piece of land on which during the evening they might exercise their muscles and cultivate their cabbages.

A specimen of the Great Auk has recently been purchased by an American museum from Mr. Rowland Ward of Piccadilly, and the price paid is, we believe, the highest on record, viz., 400 guineas. It is curious that more eggs of this extinct bird come into the auction-room than stuffed specimens of the creature itself, though, as a matter of fact, it is said that there are no fewer than seventy-nine skins of the Great Auk in existence, while the number of eggs, so far as is known, is about sixty-five. Of course, the prices of the eggs are likely to go up, while it is doubtful if the skins of the bird will continue to command such

high prices. It is already sixty years since the last one was killed in Iceland in 1844, and stuffed birds after such a lapse of time begin to lose their value.

Throughout the country some inconvenience is being caused by an inordinate multiplication of tramps, owing to the depression of trade. At Wellington, a little town in the West of England of only 7,000 inhabitants, no fewer than 5,245 tramps had to be accommodated last year. The case of these homeless wanderers is in itself pitiful, as we may take it that the increase is due to *bona fide* distress, and the number of professionals remains a fixed quantity, or something like it. But sympathy with them is qualified in the districts where they abound most by a well-grounded dread of their depredations. They have no liking for the workhouse, and many of them are glad to steal into a shed or bury themselves in a haystack at night, where their carelessness in the use of matches has led to several mishaps. It is a pity that a more adequate method of dealing with them could not have been invented.

An interesting experiment has been carried out with satisfactory results in the transference of flat-fish to the Dogger Bank from less favourable feeding-grounds, in order to increase their size and value for the market. A number of plaice taken from grounds where the absence of a sufficiently plentiful food supply kept them small and of little value to the fishermen were some time ago marked and released upon the Dogger, and it is now stated that some of the marked specimens have been recaptured, and are of much better size and quality than the native fish attain on the same grounds. This result is much what might have been expected from the known effects of poverty or richness of the food supply on both fresh and salt water fish, but it points to valuable possibilities in the way of restocking marine areas as our knowledge and control of the conditions affecting our sea fisheries increase.

THE HERALD.

Helter, skelter,
Hurry, skurry,
Here's the Wind of March
Hurling through the Forest in his roaring wild career,
Tearing up the elm tree, snapping off the larch,
Making every old thing quail and quake for fear,
Shouting in his mirth
Ho! strip and clear the earth
Of all that's dead and rotten,
Of all that's weak and pale;
What's fit to be forgotten,
Worn out and growing stale,
I'll sweep into the sepulchre of things that die and fail.
Hither, thither,
Playing, swaying,
Through the trees I call,
Bend your stiffen'd branches till you feel the sap arise
Swelling into beauty, in the beech-wood tall,
Where for signs of springtime men will turn their eyes;
Crocuses below
Their golden glory show,
And with the yellow tresses
Of Daffodils I'll play,
And crisp the brook where cresses
Unfold their green array,
For all things fresh are coming and Spring is on her way!

WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

There seems to be a constantly accumulating mass of evidence that salmon in the earlier stages of their existence are able to thrive well in the Thames. The latest addition to this evidence is a salmon of 10in. long, caught by a dace-angler at Richmond. It is presumed that this is one of the fish put in at Teddington by the Salmon Association. Thus far all the evidence is satisfactory. It would be very much more satisfactory if it took us a little farther. On the crucial point it gives us no indication whatever. The crucial point is the doubtful question whether it is possible for the fish after going down to the sea to come up again, through the pollution of the river below London, into its upper reaches. On this head we are still without a gleam of light, and the best we can say is that we are at least without any evidence to prove its impossibility.

A considerable industry in oyster-growing seems likely to be promoted in the Wash by the system of marine allotments which has been organised by the Eastern Sea Fisheries' Committee. The early experiments in this method of tenure have succeeded so well that more than 200 fresh oyster "lays" have now been staked out on the north side of the Witham, and this week 150 of them have been taken up by the fishermen of Boston and other neighbouring places. These lettings are for a term of three years, and the rent is £1 an acre, which holds four separate "lays." The allotments are well situated, out of the reach of

heavy seas, and in the neighbourhood of breeding "scalps," from which they can be stocked with the minimum of difficulty, while the beds will be perfectly free from all danger of pollution.

The vegetarians would appear to have scored a strong point at the Lady Margaret Hospital, Bromley, Kent. Out of 171 cases treated during the last twelve months only one death has occurred, that of a child, which seems to have been almost in a dying state when admitted. The vegetarians have been very quick to claim this as a victory for the principles they profess. Fish, flesh, and fowl as articles of diet have been strictly

prohibited at the hospital, and fruit and vegetables used as substitutes. No doubt the change must have been very beneficial, as it is a well-known fact that nine-tenths of the diseases that afflict modern humanity are due to over-eating, and we have not the slightest doubt but that the majority of people would be greatly benefited by being put on a fortnight's vegetarian diet. But whether to continue this always would have an equally good result is a much more difficult question. In our opinion it depends very much upon the idiosyncrasy of the individual, or, as the homely old proverb put it, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison."

RIDGE AND FURROW.

THOSE of us who are familiar with the countryside, and especially the Midland and Western Counties, will recognise the phrase "ridge and furrow" as being a term very much in evidence. From time immemorial this peculiar undulation of the fields has existed, and it is interesting to enquire into its origin, and to note the effect it has upon present-day conditions. The long tortuous "lands" of these districts, extending across the fields, and in some instances almost around them, varying in width from 16ft. to 36ft., are still considered by some venerable agriculturists to be necessary adjuncts to the prosecu-



C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

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tion of successful farming. Since the introduction, however, of draining upon all retentive soils, they have lost their meaning, and few seem to realise the actual facts which gave rise to their existence, and for what purpose they were intended. We have become so familiar with their appearance that we almost regard them as being part of Nature's handiwork, and even a jolting ride across their switchback curvatures fails to evoke curiosity. Even on pastures rich with the droppings of cattle fattened upon them for centuries past, there they are, and show that, at one time, long years ago, before the rich cornland of



H. W. Burnup.

A PEACEFUL HOMESTEAD.

Copyright

America had even been thought of, they were producing golden wheat for the inhabitants of this country. The spreading oaks and lofty elms upon their crowns are ample proof of their antiquity, for these trees, some of them hundreds of years of age, were certainly not there when the ancient husbandman followed the still common process of "ridging up" and "casting down."

It is difficult for us to imagine what the country was like before the advent of drainage on these stiff clay loams, but we can easily understand that the problem of the day in agricultural matters then was how best to preserve the land from the evil effects of so much water. This, then, was the course adopted, even as it is now in a modified form in some counties. The land was ridged up, probably, with the spade, for some of them are so steep that ploughing would be impossible, unless, indeed, they



PLANTING VALUABLE POTATOES.

not horizontally to the surface of the ground, it follows that the amount of surface has really very little to do with the question. In low-lying crops, such as roots and turf, the contention would be true, but the advantage, being so small, would not counter-balance other disadvantages. These are: tendency of water to collect in the furrows, unequal distribution of the sun's rays—thus explaining how it is that we often see snow melted upon one side of the ridge and lying for days upon the other—and the absolute impossibility of cross ploughing. The latter consideration is of the utmost importance, it being one of the most effective means of thorough cultivation. Taking everything into consideration, then, it seems advisable that these ridges should be reduced and brought down to the mean level of the field. This is easily done by repeatedly casting them down with the plough, instead of alternately casting and ridging as heretofore. Two or three times will probably be found sufficient; but if the subsoil is of a hard, sterile nature, it must be done gradually, or all the cultivated tilth will be displaced into the furrow, leaving the crowns bare and unfertile.

A modification of the original is found in Essex and the Eastern Counties, where the soils, although well drained, are very stiff and retentive. The land is ploughed into "stetches," the distance from furrow to furrow being about the width of a drill. This keeps the land dry during



C. Reid.

REFRESHMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

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were much more proficient in the art than the present generation. They were then alternately "cast" and "ridged." The long, extensive curves seen on hillsides were probably made in this form, so that the fine earth carried as silt in the water flowing down the furrows was interrupted and prevented from being carried still farther down to the base of the incline. To-day, however, now that the modern tile drains serve the purpose so much better, they are unnecessary, and, indeed, a source of trouble, making cartage difficult, and frequently causing waste of land in the furrows.

There is an old idea abroad that by presenting more surface a bigger crop is procurable. That land in this form presents more surface is, of course, true, but that a larger crop is obtained by no means follows. Provided there is a sufficient plant, the crop depends upon the amount of air space, and as plants, and especially cereals, grow vertically and



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CLEARING THE HARROW.

Copyright

winter rains, and in spring they are furrows filled in, so that the progress of machinery is quite even and smooth. This practice is much to be commended.

worked down and the carts and harvesting machinery is quite even and smooth. This practice is much to be commended.

E. E. S.

CORPORATIONS AND WATER SUPPLY.

AS is well known, the Corporation of Birmingham have for some years past been constructing a vast scheme of reservoirs in the upper part of the Wye watershed, for the purpose of supplying the City of Birmingham with water. The works are so far finished that last year the King opened them, and a part of the water supply of the city is now drawn from the Wye. What the effect of these works will be on the Wye as a salmon-producing river is very doubtful. So far, no river under the same conditions as the Wye has been so treated. The nearest case is the Severn, but the circumstances are so totally different that it is almost impossible to compare them. When the Birmingham Bill was before Parliament Mr. Benington was Chief Inspector of Fisheries, and it was owing to his action that a most liberal supply of compensation water, but none too much, was received for the Wye. Mr. Benington has, unfortunately, ceased to be connected with the fisheries, and the care of the Wye Fisheries has passed into other hands than those who negotiated the compensation water. Last autumn the Corporation of Birmingham gave notice of a Bill which was, among other things, to amend their Waterworks Act, and it proposed to sanction an agreement with the Wye Fishery Board, whereby they proposed to surrender a large part of their compensation water in consideration of the payment of a sum of money. It is true the money was to be applied for erecting a hatchery to breed salmon for the Wye; but still the fact remained that the Fishery Board, who by statute are the body who have the care and management of the fisheries of the river, proposed to surrender what Parliament had considered it right they should have, in consideration of an alien body being allowed to take the bulk of the water from the river. Fortunately, the proposal of the Birmingham Corporation aroused a very strong opposition. It was said, and with truth, that the compensation water given to a river is not given for one interest alone, but for all the different interests, and that one partner cannot alter the situation to the prejudice of the others without their consent. Here all the local bodies who were interested in, or connected with, the Wye rose up in arms against the proposal, and at last the Wye Fishery Board declined to follow their chairman in the surrender of the rights that Parliament had secured for the river. Seeing that, the Corporation of Birmingham have intimated to the opponents that it is not their intention to proceed with the proposed purchase of the compensation water. So far, all is well that ends well; but this incident gives rise to some very important questions which call for the interference of the Legislature. In practice,

when a corporation or public body go to a watershed to abstract water for their own use, the minimum quantity of compensation water that Parliament has insisted should be given to the stream is twice the average dry-weather flow. It is true that in some cases Parliament has given a far larger quantity when it was shown that special circumstances, such as the fisheries, demanded it, but twice the dry-weather flow has so far been the irreducible minimum. It is true that Wolverhampton tried, by proposing to take underground water, to avoid giving any compensation at all, but to this Parliament declined to agree. It may therefore be taken as established that the river has its rights, and those rights are well known and fully recognised by



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

COMMENCING OPERATIONS.

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Parliament. Can, then, one of the bodies who are interested in the river for its own purposes sell or get rid of any part of those rights? The Wye authorities said yes, and agreed to do so; but surely this is a most dangerous doctrine. After hearing all parties, Parliament, as the supreme tribunal, has said the various interests on the river require so much compensation water. This should be fixed, and it should be impossible for any one of the interests to sell part of the common property for their individual benefit. If they can, in a few years all the compensation water might be divided among the different interests. The fact that such an attempt has been deliberately made, and a Corporation like Birmingham have proposed to carry it into effect, shows what a power for evil the larger municipal bodies, with an enormous ratable value, are in the land. Small local bodies will do anything for money; possibly they consider they are consulting the interests of the ratepayer in parting with that which they do not value if by that means they can reduce the

rates. The Royal Commission on Salmon Fisheries insisted on the necessity for the water supply of our rivers being placed under proper control; possibly this little episode of Birmingham and the Wye will remind the Government how necessary it is that some steps should be taken, and at once, to carry out this recommendation. If there were a properly-constituted Water Board, whose duty it was to see to the water supply of our rivers, all such arrangements as those of Birmingham and the Wye would be impossible.

J. WILLIS BUND.



RIDGE AND FURROW: DISTRIBUTING CHEMICAL MANURE.

A WEEK-END COTTAGE.

FEW words are here required to remark upon the growing custom of taking short holidays at weekly or fortnightly intervals; nor do we propose to dwell upon the necessity for such breaks in "the daily round." But it is generally admitted that, in the ever-increasing contest in "life's ignoble strife," complete separation from work is often essential to the business or professional man, while, to his wife, occasional liberation from domestic anxieties is equally imperative. To dwellers in large towns nothing provides the desired contrast so fully as to repair to the sea or to the country and to enjoy the freedom of living which is to be found in a cottage and its garden. Much has been said and written of late on the subject of small week-end houses, with almost entire reference to new structures and their minimum cost, consistent with the arbitrary demands of building bye-laws. In the present series of articles, however, we will endeavour to present another aspect of the subject, appealing more especially to those temperaments which delight in the historic works of man in general, and in English domestic architecture in particular.

The phases in the evolution of an ancient cottage, and the tales of its long succession of tenants, are inseparable if a retrospect be attempted. Not infrequently the original size of the dwelling was intended to house the large family of the agricultural labourer, in the old days when the farming of land had a more direct purpose to fulfil in responding to the needs of the community. Then, in less prosperous times, the home was divided to accommodate two families, and at each successive alteration structural works were carried out, invariably with little respect for the art of preceding builders, until, in the nineteenth century, the changes made were so utterly discordant that all traces of the first form, which may be said to have "grown from the soil," were practically lost. Such, briefly, is the story told by the design and by the materials found in the subject with which we introduce our series of week-end cottages. Nothing is more deplorable than to occasionally meet with the spoliation of fine specimens of old-world dwellings—and, alas! they are much too frequent—when some thought and care would have preserved what has stood the test of time at the same cost as the work usually undertaken in such irreverent, drastic measure.

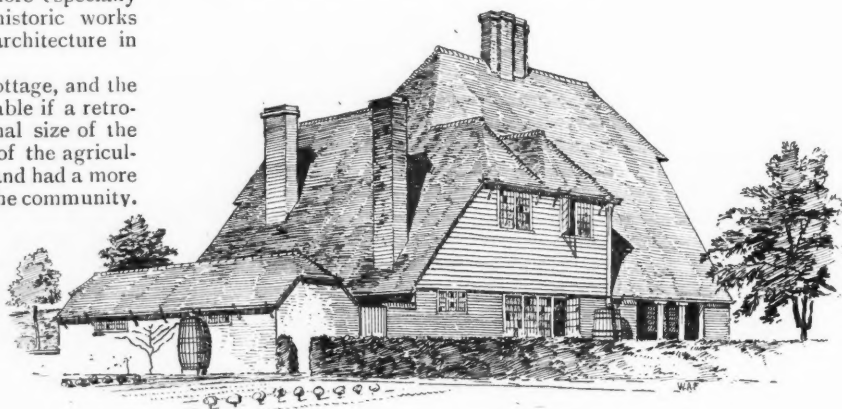


THE STOCKS: NORTH FRONT, SHOWING RESTORATION.



THE STOCKS AS IN 1902.

living-rooms. There, unmistakably, were the oak wall and ceiling timbers, the large open-hearth fireplaces, and remnants of original windows. Generally speaking, weather had obtained mastery over the weaker exposed parts, which were seen to be in danger of collapsing. But, although the body was in distress, the soul stood forth in beauty unimpaired.

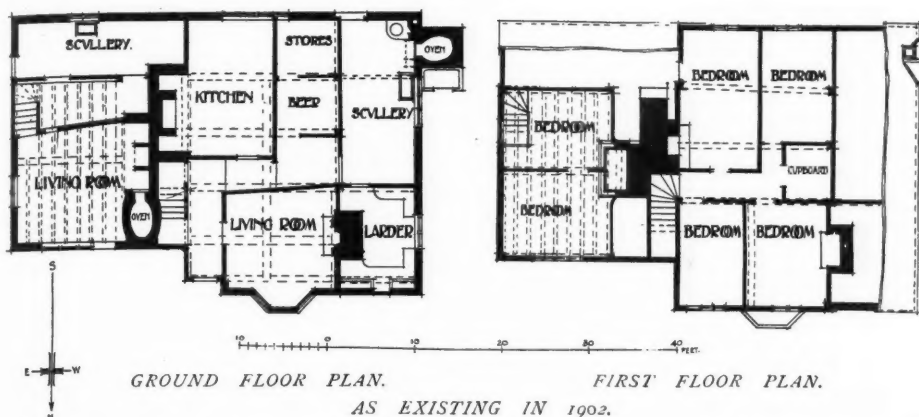


THE STOCKS FROM THE POND GARDEN, 1904.

In entering upon works of repair, the obvious process was, therefore, one of restoration. The first indiscretions to be banished were the nineteenth century improvements, chief among which were a deal bay window, and a brick wall, filling out the old recessed ground storey, on the entrance-front, formed by the overhanging upper floor. The careful removal disclosed the early beams, and the mortise-holes gave the position and dimensions of the upright timbers now seen in the exterior view.

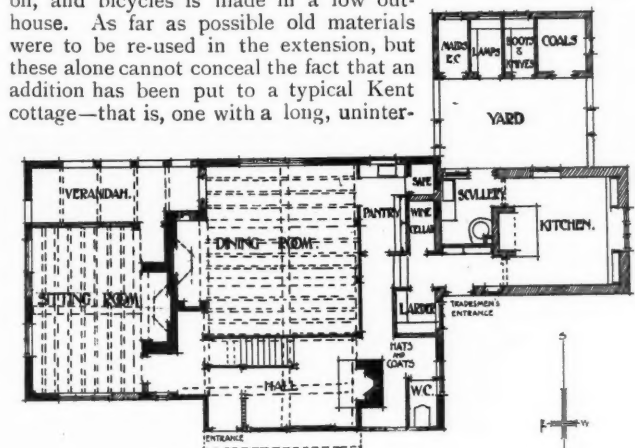
General structural repairs were inevitably to be made, but in each operation care was exercised in preserving the seventeenth century work. The roof timbers were made secure, new battens provided, and the old tiling rehung. Floors and other damp places were renewed and secretly ventilated. Wall-papers, in many thicknesses, had to be stripped, thereby laying bare the old timber framing with its plastered intervals. Ceilings of later date were taken down to expose the oak joists in several parts of the cottage, while in places where timbers were visible many coats of whitewash were removed. The plans show the old ceiling beams, which now have a perfect grey tone, probably due to the lime in the many previous distemperings. The two large, open hearths were found to be filled in with iron kitchen ranges and copious brickwork. True restoration was here found impossible—that is to say, in view of the prevalent use of coal fuel, and the increasing scarcity of wood, certain precautions were necessary

It was indeed fortunate that The Stocks, at Wittersham in Kent, came into the sympathetic ownership of Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson, who, in adapting it to simple requirements, has made a charming home with but little modification of the original form. Reference to the plan indicating the condition of the fabric some three years ago, when a careful survey was made by Mr. W. A. Forsyth, of Messrs. Forsyth and Maule, architects, will show the existence of two tenements, in each of which were a large number of small apartments. But the critical eye saw the skeleton of the early single cottage, with its large



to prevent foul smoke blowing into the room from a wide, open fireplace; but successful, and by no means obtrusive, devices were resorted to, first in reducing the great space in the flue, and then in building a canted brick hood with the fire placed direct upon the hearth. Here, again, old materials softened the first effects, while the scale of the insertion was studied to produce harmonious relation to the oak-lintelled chimney-corner. Doors and other parts which originally saw the light in the Baltic were banished, only to be replaced by fittings framed in the native timber. Leaded lights, iron casements, and oak frames naturally reoccupied the windows, which previously held large squares of sheet glass. Some earlier nineteenth century works, including some flimsy partitions erected at the time of the dual occupation, were cleared away, and what was formerly a scullery in the smaller half of the dwelling has now been converted into a verandah with a southerly aspect, in which old weathered timbers were used. A new oak staircase which became necessary was kept very small in scale, and was designed to clear all the head timbers in the floor above.

Thus far extended the actual works of restoration to the old building; but increased accommodation had to be provided, the nature of which at once reveals certain social developments peculiar to our times. Consideration is as necessary for the welfare of domestic helpers as for that of the principal occupants of a house; therefore, a new kitchen, with accessory departments, had to receive a place in an addition made on the west or least important side of the cottage. Here, also, for convenience and simplicity, is located the bathroom, while provision for coals, oil, and bicycles is made in a low out-house. As far as possible old materials were to be re-used in the extension, but these alone cannot conceal the fact that an addition has been put to a typical Kent cottage—that is, one with a long, uninter-



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

AS RESTORED AND EXTENDED.

rupted back roof and a square plan. It is somewhat unusual to find the large roof facing due south; it is more frequently found on the north, or cold, side. Minute care, however, has had to be exercised, first, in basing the actual form of the new wing on local precedent; then the scale of the work, wherein lies the secret of all architecture, had to be studied closely, in order that the result should in no way overpower or challenge the old part of the cottage. No less important is the attention necessary to the detail of every feature and fitting, and to the careful choice of the materials employed. So much for the dwelling.

For the full enjoyment of the scene, and for the quiet pursuit of leisure, the garden is a necessary adjunct. The average duration of a week-end does not permit of many rambles in country lanes, nor are long, tiring walks in meadows altogether desirable; but what is essential is that considerable time be devoted to the flowers and the kitchen garden, and that secluded rest be found where a compelling book or peaceful pipe may be entered upon with calm and contentment. The

gardens at The Stocks are no less attractive than the cottage; they are the embodiment of all that is delightful, possessing features of interest and variety in pleasing harmony with the home. Seldom is the perfect complementary relation between cottage and garden to be seen as in this instance, and the owner is to be considered doubly fortunate in his choice of a home and in the nature of its surroundings. There are magnificent tall, thin quick hedges, trained as only the men of Kent understand the art, and alleys of standard fruit trees, while Mr. Forbes-Robertson has enhanced the lay-out by a judicious development of the grass lawns, small ponds,

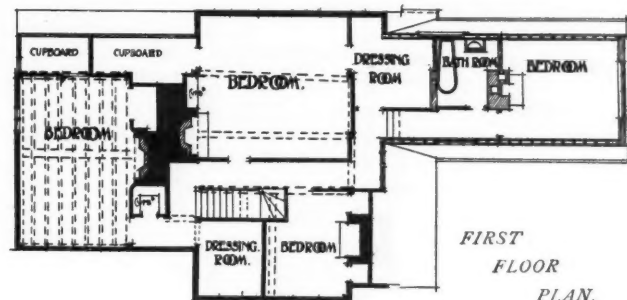
brick paths, and grass walks. Fine views of the neighbouring Sussex uplands are ever present, and, what is of considerable importance, clear visions of the sea washing the shores near Rye and Winchelsea. There is an unique feature in the setting of this delightful picture—the windmill—to which, as well as to the garden, we propose to refer in detail at some future date.

In conclusion, it may be said that this is but one of many similar instances where an old habitation, possessing many charms of English domestic architecture, was capable of adaptation to modern requirements without destroying the beauty of the original work of three centuries ago. Moreover, the whole place has been put into substantial repair, and additional accommodation obtained, at a less total cost than that of a new building, with the overwhelming advantage of being a thoroughly artistic and tasteful home, weathered and toned, and likely for a long period to resist the work of time.

FROM THE FARMS.

POTATO CULTURE.

TOO often of late has the potato-grower been inveigled into giving absurd prices for some new and widely-advertised variety, to find some months later that it proved no better able to resist disease than the older kinds he had discarded. Fresh, good seed is a necessity, but "other soils other methods" must ever be kept in mind, and "The Book of the Potato," by Mr. T. W. Sanders, just issued, should prove invaluable to anyone who is determined to see his way to a profit, and a good one, on this crop, whether on farm or in garden. It deals most thoroughly with every stage of cultivation, with manuring, with all the diseases this tuber is heir to, and their remedies,



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

right on to the day when the finished article reaches the market; and if the advice in this book is followed intelligently, the resulting potato should satisfy all the demands made upon it for cropping largely, and cooking and eating well. Among other points touched on is the value of the potato when fed, as it is in South Lancashire and Devon and Cornwall, to dairy cows; but this is only done when the price does not exceed £2 a ton. When fed to horses, care should be taken to boil or steam first, otherwise purging may be the result, added to which its value as a nutritious food is increased. A novel method of procuring a crop during autumn, and without the aid of artificial heat, is that of growing them in chalk caverns, the merest sprinkling of soil being necessary, as they are in darkness, and second crops actually are yielded by the same tubers. This method can be perfectly well carried out in ordinary mushroom houses. In the motor world they are already talking of procuring a supply of alcohol from this vegetable, but up to the present no statistics are available as to the cost of doing so. If it can be done at a profit to growers,

it will mean, as the numbers of motors increase, an ever greater acreage being laid under contribution; and the more thoroughly the necessary conditions are understood, the greater and the surer will be the benefits reaped by farmers, who at present are rather prejudiced against motors, which they only recognise as responsible for a higher rate for the maintenance of the roads.

HUNTER-BREEDING BY FARMERS.

The question of breeding a useful type of horse other than the thorough-bred should be one of considerable interest to both landowners and farmers, and there does not appear to be any reason why, if properly handled, it should not be possible to render the breeding of good, sound, active animals suitable for general purposes a fairly remunerative addition to the ordinary routine of the farm. In most districts the services of a suitable stallion are to be procured without much difficulty, and at a tolerably reasonable fee for service; but even in this respect there is considerable room for improvement, while the essential matter of providing suitable brood mares certainly requires the most careful attention. It is more than satisfactory to notice that these matters have come under the consideration of the Hunters' Improvement Society, who have divided their suggestions into three main points—organisation, the provision of mares, and an adequate provision of better sires. With regard to the mares, the idea that suitable ones will be provided to all

subscribers who sign the conditions of the society, but that they shall remain the property of the society and be liable to be withdrawn, is thoroughly practical, and can but be productive of good; while, with the object of preventing foreign buyers from reaping the benefit of the society's exertions, provision will probably be made that the society will retain the right to purchase the produce of these mares at a certain price.

THE INCREASE OF MOLES.

There seems to have been a singular increase, over parts of the southern counties of England, in the number of the moles during the last two or three years, and the cause of the increase is not very easy to perceive. Its effects are much more in evidence in the shape of mole-hills, that almost cover some of the grass fields in which they are particularly conspicuous. Worms form the principal food of moles, which are well known to be extraordinarily voracious little animals, and in ridding the soil of an excess of worms it may be that they do some service, although the services of the worms in draining and aerating the ground are of a well-recognised value. In this direction the tunnelling of the moles no doubt does a similar good work, but when they are in great numbers the amount of pasture that their hills cover up becomes considerable. And their increase coincides with the waning of the fashion of using their fur for ladies' jackets, which is unfortunate.

"IN QUIRES & PLACES WHERE THEY SING."

"Here wood and stone and all that gold can buy,
Shall gloriously be used to serve the soul."

THE interiors of our old cathedrals are of such a rare virtue that, when pictured by one who has the soul of an artist, they retain even in the picture not a little of that spell which they are wont to weave around the heart. The buildings themselves are a world of mystery, in the true sense of the word. Fashioned out of common material, the very stone of the earth, they are so instinct with the thought and feeling of the men who reared them from the ground, that they have become spiritual things. They are the expression of the

deepest communings of the mind with that which is apprehended on its earthly side, yet is known and felt to have another. They are the language of

"men who strove in stone,

Wept in marble, prayed in colours that have turned the world to tears," and as we walk or stand or kneel within their sacred shade, we are conscious not so much of the men themselves, as of those supreme influences which shaped their thoughts and minds; we are caught by the spell of joy and awe and aspiration which guided their work and led it into the form which we behold.

It was John Ruskin who said that to an architect "his



F. H. Evans.

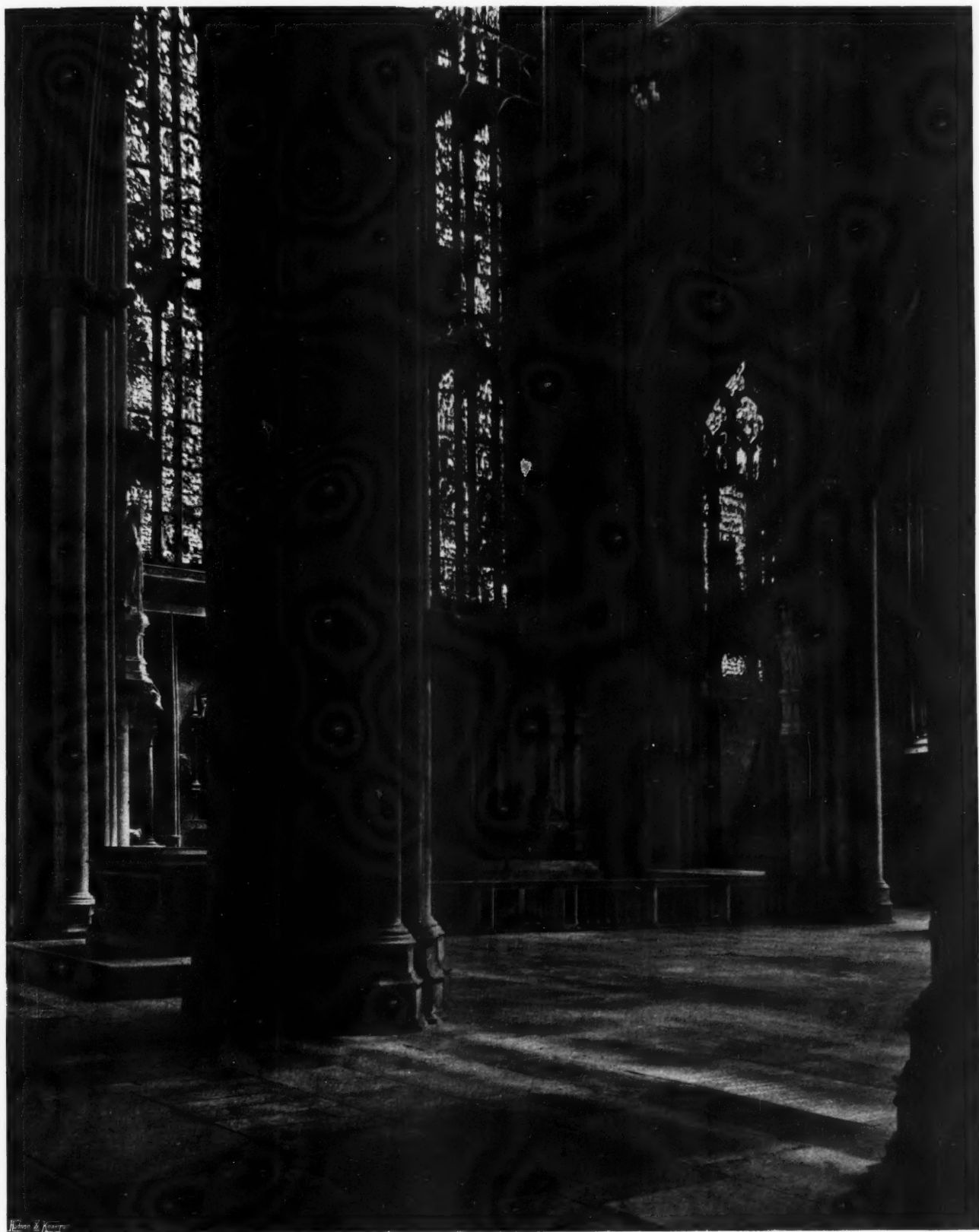
YORK MINSTER: LOOKING FROM THE CHAPTER HOUSE INTERIOR.

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chief means of sublimity are definite shades. So that, after size and weight, the power of architecture may be said to depend on the quantity of its shadow," and it seemed to him "that the reality of its works, and the use and influence they have in the daily life of men, require of it that it should express a kind of human sympathy, by a measure of darkness as great as there is in human life; and that as the great poem and great fiction

give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front, and the shadow of its recess."

This "kind of human sympathy" is doubtless the secret of that subtle charm which cathedrals have for all sorts and conditions of men, and which makes its appeal in so many different ways, varying not only in the different parts of the building, and in the divers points of view, but in the several uses to which



F. H. Evans.

YORK MINSTER: ACROSS THE RETRO CHOIR.

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generally affect us most by the majesty of their masses of shade, and cannot take hold upon us if they affect a continuance of lyric sprightliness, but must be serious often, and sometimes melancholy, else they do not express the truth of this wild world of ours; so there must be, in this magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery; and this it can only

cathedrals are put; in the distinct kinds of service, in the silence when no public service is going forward, and even in the changing lights of the hours from morning to evening, and with the coming out and going in of the sun upon a changeful day. Men of very different mould, and some who might appear to be quite apart from such influence, have owned the spell which they have felt as soon as they pass within doors like these. John Keats,

for instance, confesses it when he writes thus to a friend: "At Winchester, being a cathedral city, I shall have a pleasure, always a great one to me when near a cathedral, of reading them" (*i.e.*, certain letters) "during the service, up and down the aisle." And everyone has sometime observed and felt the influence, even

upon the demeanour of the careless, as they pass from the glare of the street to the shadow and hush of one of these resting-places of the soul.

If we try to follow by imagination the gradual evolution of architectural form in these master-creations of the Middle Age, it is as if we saw the minds of all the several builders fused and united into one mind; as if some one man had a life given to him longer than the usual span, and had been suffered to bring his art to perfection through a period of three or four centuries. The first sign which this typical builder gives, is in the rude effort of the Saxon, raising his arch or low pillar with difficulty from the ground, but winning a measure of joy in achieving even so much as that; then, after this effort, and following upon it, comes in the tide of Norman strength, taking up the first achievement and bearing it on and forwards to such power and glory as we see at Durham; the arches still round and, above all things, strong, the pillars sometimes round, but, afraid to be anything less than tower-like in their strength, sometimes four-square, and only venturing a hint and prophecy of the more graceful column that should presently become: the builder's delight; and then, in the next age, when he had, as it were, freed his mind of anxiety about mere strength, he lets it go in the direction of simple beauty, making his columns slender as a human limb, and sometimes clustering them together till you think only of their grace; and with a touch of his hand from below, lifting his arch upwards to a point, as though he now felt himself able to rise higher and higher from the earth, and then, later, to plant upon the summit of his tower, which at first had been all his dream, the glory of what Shakespeare calls "sky-pointing" spires, such as you find at Salisbury and Coventry, and which seem, in their splendid elevation, like the flight of man's soul to heaven. But our concern to-day is with interiors, and there is a difference between the inside and the outside of a church. When you look at a cathedral from the outside you are in the world, you see the church from the world; but the moment you enter its portal the point of view is reversed: you are not in the world any more, you look at the world from the church. It is like some sudden change in music when the first solemn notes of the organ fell on the ear; it is like the change in Blanco White's sonnet from the "deceiving" light of the sun to the revealing darkness of the stars; it is the transition from what is "garish" in the day to that "kindly light" which only begins to shine when the day is over, and which offers itself to be the



F. H. Evans.

THE GREAT EAST WINDOW, YORK MINSTER.

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guide of the mind only when the mind is conscious of its own darkness, and its need to walk by faith in a guide from above. As you pass inwards through the cathedral door, you pass from sight to faith; you enter the region of hopes which are the antidote of fears; you leave the sounds and sights of toil, and the world's labour, and begin to have a vision of rest which yet is not the rest of annihilation and death.

Here, again, if we recur to our comparison between the work of many men and the work of one, we may trace in the evolution of church windows the same characteristic we saw in other parts of the building. There were first the "windows of narrow lights," the slight gleams let in through early Norman walls, and only by degrees came the rich tracery, the large space, and the many-hued loveliness of coloured glass, fulfilling the double function of recording to the eye many a pious history and devout martyrdom, and of shedding at the same time a soft yet significant light, not alone on the faces of worshippers, or the books from which they prayed and sang praise, but also on tomb and monument, on wall and floor and roof, and on the altar of self-sacrifice and the figures of those who minister there.

Everything that man brought into church became beautiful. He felt it must become so; he knew that he himself came there only that his own life might be cleansed from the ugliness of evil and be clothed with the glory of God. So the very iron itself, the type of what is hard and intractable, must be drawn on the church door into flowing curve and lovely circle, must twine itself about the solid wood as if it were a flower, and turn here and there as though it were the branch of a growing tree. The shapeless stone, wrought from the quarries of the earth, when brought into church must blossom as a rose, or take on the life and expression of a human form or face, or must become subtle as an angel's wing; and the oak of the forest must be subdued and then glorified till it becomes the wood of the Holy Rood itself, and after that must yield its gnarled substance to portray many a thought of the mind, beautiful or perhaps quaint, but always with a meaning either of mockery of evil or delight in what is innocent and good—good not merely with man's goodness, but often with that wide primæval goodness, that "very-goodness," which was poured out on all creation from the beginning. This consecration of material things by the spirit of beauty is one of the chief marks in the faith of these early craftsmen. It typifies not merely the desire to offer what was costly, but also the realisation that there was an intimate tie between the beautiful and the good, and that it was well to follow the old principle of offering things "without blemish."

The photographs here reproduced remind us of another recurring point in all our old cathedrals, namely, the work they accomplished and still fulfil in fostering high thoughts about death. If we took away the tombs of those whom past ages honoured with memorials in these walls, we should unquestionably impoverish the whole idea. Those silent figures, lying still, and yet witnessing to deeds of valour long ago, are in their right place in a cathedral, especially when, as the general custom is, they have some nook or corner apart from the crowd of living worshippers. Their presence helps to bind the generations



A. M. Dumas.

IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT, YORK.

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together, and also to impress each generation in turn with the sense of a care and regard outlasting mortality. And the lights that fall upon them, crossing the shadows, and interweaving some brightness with the gloom, have an effect which, even though insensible, is full of power in helping to "charm our pained steps," and win us from thoughts too dark and unrelieved about the end of man's days on earth.

It is a sign of how much the poet prevailed over the Puritan in the soul of John Milton, that it is to him we owe the most intimate and living interpretation of the spirit of the interior of a cathedral that we have anywhere in English literature. We know that others have essayed the same task, and especially how that good man Isaac Williams, whose autobiography is full of charm, and some of whose devotional books still have their value, set himself to depict with the most elaborate minuteness the significance of each part of a cathedral from end to end and corner to corner. His work is like a builder's ground-plan, marked out and measured with infinite exactness. Every point and part is assigned to its special function. Doors, aisles, nave, pillars, transepts, windows, screen, lady chapel, choir—each has its sonnet, or strophe, or stanza, its ode or chorus, its hymn, or chant, or litany, in words setting forth its purpose or association, and yet as we toil through the carefully-planned detail, it leaves us everywhere cold and uninspired; but the effect is very different, and the result far otherwise whenever we take up "Il Penseroso" and turn for refreshment to the breathing lines, which make you feel as if the writer were freshly come from King's College Chapel, or from some richer and yet more noble building, where his very soul had been lifted up, and to



A. M. Dumas.

RESTING IN HOLY STILLNESS

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which he would return again and again to find the secret which abides there, and which only in such places can by most of us be found at all.

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters' pale,
And love the high embowered roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a d'm religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

IN THE GARDEN.

PRUNING ROSES.

THE most seasonable of garden work at the present time is the pruning of Roses, which, judging from the mistakes made in the majority of gardens, is little understood. It is for this reason the National Rose Society of England has added to its many useful booklets one that deals exclusively with Rose pruning, with a series of diagrams showing exactly the points to which a shoot should be cut back to bring forth strong flowering growths for the summer and autumn. This useful booklet is sent free to the members of the society, but may be obtained by non-members

for half-a-crown, post free, on application to Mr. Edward Mawley, the hon. secretary, Rosebank, Great Berkhamsted. The book has been drawn up by a committee of experts, and deals exhaustively with this somewhat intricate subject. The following are instructions which may be useful at this season, and a free and beautiful flower display will depend upon how the rules are carried out.

Frequent Errors.—The most frequent errors made in pruning are: (1) leaving too many shoots when thinning out; (2) pruning severely the shoots of varieties which require little, if any, shortening; (3) leaving the heads of Rose plants crowded with shoots, and cutting these to a uniform length all over the plant, in a similar way that a hedge is clipped. In thinning out a shoot, it should be either cut clean away to the base of the plant, or to its starting point on the older shoot from which it springs, as the case may be. When the plant has been pruned the shoots should be left as nearly as possible equidistant from each other, and regularly arranged round it, so that it presents a well-balanced appearance on all sides. When pruning a shoot it should always be cut to a dormant leaf-bud or "eye," as it is called, pointing outwards. In order to keep the plants in a healthy and vigorous condition, some of the shoots which are more than two years old should be removed to make room for younger and more vigorous growths. Roses require to be somewhat differently pruned, according to the purpose for which they are grown. For instance, shoots which must be cut back severely should exhibit flowers be required, but not when the Rose is planted only for garden decoration.

General Rules.—In pruning Roses for the beautifying of the garden, the following rules bear a general application: (1) It is better to prune too little than too much. (2) All dead and unripe shoots must be cut clean away to the base whence they started. (3) In shortening the shoots always cut to an eye pointing away from the centre of the plant. (4) Summer-flowering Roses (those which bloom only once in the season) generally need thinning and training rather than hard cutting, and last year's shoots should be left long, two year old ones rather shorter, and those three years old shorter still. (5) The same thing will also apply to a great extent to perpetual-flowering Roses; but in their case too hard pruning will not destroy, but only defer, the season's bloom. Some of the older shoots on climbing Roses should be cut away entirely each year, directly after the plants have flowered in the summer, and the young shoots lightly tied in to take their place. Any shortening of the remaining shoots should be done in March of the following

year. All Roses should be pruned severely the first time after planting. Even in the case of strong-growing climbing varieties few shoots should be left more than 2ft. in length. Roses planted in the autumn should be pruned in the following spring, and if planted in the spring, at the time of planting. We thoroughly recommend this simple treatise to Rose-growers.

RANDOM NOTES.

Planting Carnations.—There is yet time to plant Carnations and Picotees with every prospect of a free display of flowers during the coming summer, and the expert advises the spring for so doing, especially where the soil is cold and heavy. Carnations and Pinks rejoice in a warm sun-baked garden, and we may take a lesson from the way the wild species flourish in rocky fissures and on old walls, the parent of the present race having become naturalised in many parts of these isles. The writer well remembers the grey tufts of the wild Carnation that hung from the castle walls at Rochester, and their pretty colouring at all times. The Carnation has the advantage that its beauty is not of the flower alone, but in winter, when the mixed border shows only a few green tufts, the Carnation and Pink have their silvery grey foliage. It is for this reason the writer uses both Carnations and Pinks in grey schemes of colour which are pleasant in winter and restful to the eye in the hot summer months. There is one ruthless enemy to the Carnation, namely, wireworm, and if it is known that this pest exists in the soil, it is useless to plant until the ground is quite free. A few wireworms will destroy the silvery tufts wholesale. We place much faith in the old plan of cutting a potato in half, scooping out the middle, and sticking a skewer through it. The wireworm appreciates the homely tuber, the skewer shows where the trap is, and an examination every morning should have the welcome effect of ridding the soil of one of the deadliest of garden pests. When a collection of named varieties is not desired, seedlings raised from seed saved from a well-selected strain of flowers will give delightful results. We have frequently expressed admiration

when seeing the seedlings flower from seed sold by the well-known Carnation specialist of Great Bookham in Surrey, Mr. James Douglas, who has devoted his life almost to the improvement of a cherished garden flower. It is possible, also, to plant Pinks now, but there must be no unnecessary delay, and have a kindly thought for the old fringed white, which is in danger of extinction through the popularity of many larger varieties of far less beauty. Drifts of white Pinks in border or in wall have a charm that few other hardy flowers can give, and they are so easily grown that even the cottager can possess them in masses to scent his homely plot with the sweetest fragrance. A great blemish in many varieties of Carnation and Pink is the splitting of the calyx of the flower, whereby the petals are let loose, and their value for cutting reduced to a minimum. Even when the flowers are not required for cutting, rough and rainy weather destroys their beauty. The exhibition is responsible for the split Carnations that are the despair of the gardener who cares nothing for winning prizes at a public show. Here they are dressed, faked, and every point, of course, the flower judge considers an attribute of

beauty brought out in its fulness. The finest exhibition flowers are generally the most hopeless in the garden, and it is for this reason we counsel caution when visiting a show, whether of Roses or even fruit, in making selections for the garden.

The Importance of Thinning Annual Flowers.—The seed sown in March will be germinating freely; now is the opportunity to thin out well, so that each little plant may have sufficient space for its full development. Unless a seedling has light and air, and the gentle rains we hope for in the early April days, it is unreasonable to expect that it will give flowers bountifully in summer. Everything depends upon the way it is treated in its early stages as to its future success, and it is through thick sowing and dread of destroying the seedlings where they are too thick that the beautiful race of flowers has gained a reputation for weediness which it does not deserve. Many annuals grow to quite a large size, the Rose Mallow (*Lavatera trimestris*) and its white variety as an example, and where restricted are but a shadow of the beauty they display when grown with intelligence.

A LANCASHIRE STUD OF SHIRE HORSES.

A STRANGER passing through Lancashire, with its coal-fields and its numerous industrial towns, would hardly realise that more land in the Palatinate is devoted to agriculture than in the neighbouring county of Cheshire. The horses formerly bred in the Lancashire district were, comparatively speaking, light of build, and many of the farmers kept useful half-bred mares, which, crossed with thorough-bred sires, produced many first-class harness horses and not a few good hunters, for which a ready market was nearly always to be found. Later on, when the system of farming followed by the farmers underwent a change, they adopted a different type of horse for farm purposes, and heavier and weightier cart-horses came into vogue. Short-legged, powerful mares were purchased at the Rugby fairs and from the Fen districts and mated with stallions of the stamp of Honest Tom, Bar None, or Tom o' the Gills; and from that period dates the breeding of Shire horses in Lancashire, which has been attended with considerable success, the championship at Islington and honours at all the principal county and district exhibitions having fallen to horses bred in the county. Among the principal breeders in the district are Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., and Mr. H. W. Kearns, J.P., of Baxenden. Here for some time the latter continued to breed Shire horses on some forty-five acres of land, which was set apart for that purpose; but he soon discovered that the smoke-laden atmosphere of the neighbourhood was any-



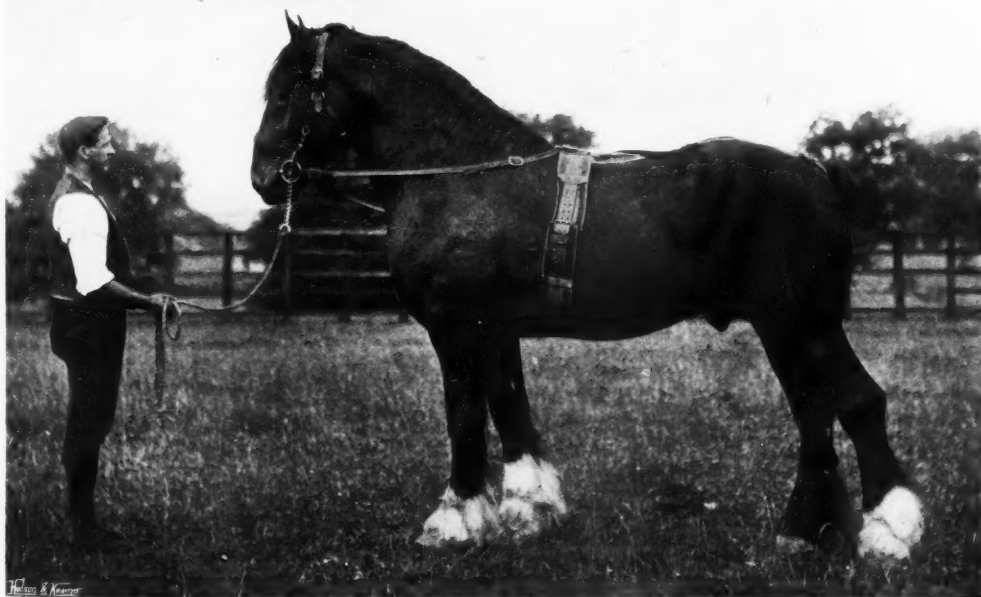
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DUCHESS OF BRIDGEWATER.

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thing but beneficial to his horses, and on that account, some two years ago, he removed his stud to Willcross Farm, Gisburn, which is situated just on the Yorkshire border, where he has now at his disposal some 150 acres of land, with an additional outlying field of sixty acres in extent. The land itself is of excellent quality, the limestone soil renders the place eminently suitable for breeding horses of any class, and the rapid improvement in the

condition of lean Irish cattle turned out to graze is a convincing proof of the excellent quality of the pasture. It is almost unnecessary to say that Mr. Kearns is a most enthusiastic breeder of Shire horses, and as he has carried on his hobby for many years, it follows that he is also a first-class judge of that particular class of horse, and that his stud has invariably been maintained at a high pitch of excellence. Animals of a weak constitution, or of indifferent conformation, are carefully weeded out, and those retained in the stud may not inaptly be said to represent the survival of the fittest. Particular attention has been paid by Mr. Kearns to the strains of blood from which he breeds, and the result of judicious crossing and mating is to be seen in the type of animals to be found at the Willcross Farm Stud. Not a few showyard honours have fallen to animals bred by Mr. Kearns, and last year his mare Knottingley

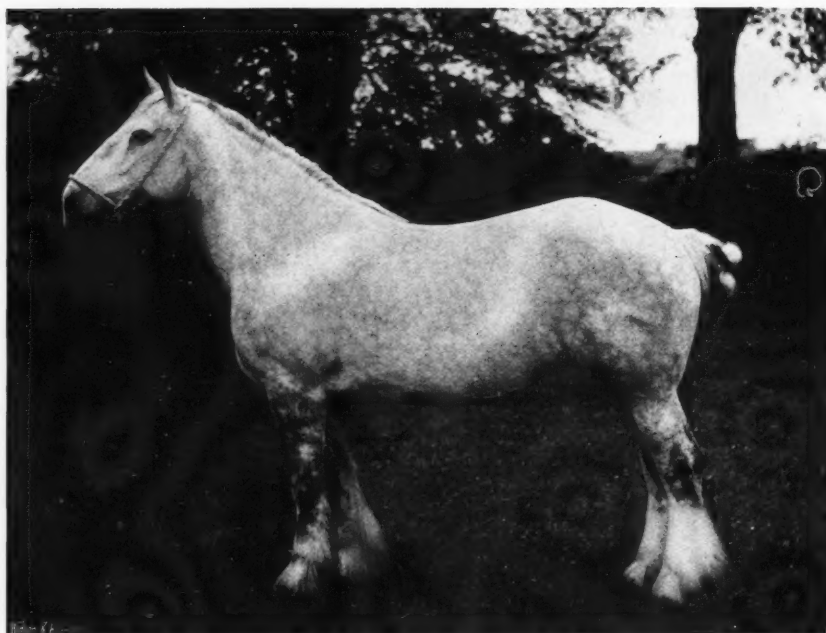


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EARL KING.

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Fuchsia was placed second at Islington. As far as one can see, the young stock now at the farm should, if all goes well, bring further honours to the stud. Eros, by Markeaton Royal Harold out of Grand Duchess, by Menestrel, is quite a good stamp of a four year old stallion. He stands just on 17h. in height, and is a fine, muscular, weighty young horse, with good knees and hocks, nicely-placed shoulders, good back and loins, clean limbs, with plenty of bone, and well-formed and open feet. He is, moreover, an active, resolute mover, and has plenty of liberty in all his paces. Another nice young horse is the three year old bay colt Earl King, by Harold out of a Bar None mare; this is a fine upstanding youngster, and already measures 17h., with plenty of depth and heart room, wide quarters, and stands on excellent legs and feet. The three year olds are still further represented by First Flight, a bay colt by Hendre Conqueror out of Calwich Chance; quite a nice sort is this, active, short legged, and sturdy all over, with nice, clean trotting action, and very level. Perhaps the pick of the two year olds are Knottingley Referee and Galahad; the former is by Knottingley Regent, and is of such promise that he will probably be sent to take his chance in many a future show-ring; he is a well-grown colt, nicely balanced, is a good mover, and shows plenty of Shire character. Galahad is a colt of exceptionally good breeding, being by Menestrel out of Duchess of Bridgewater; he already measures 16h. 2in., is of a good hard colour, and can scarcely fail to do credit both to his pedigree and the stud where he was



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GRAND DUCHESS.

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born; he uses himself well all round, and has inherited from his dam not a little of her excellent hock action.

The brood mares naturally constitute the mainstay of a stud. Some of those belonging to Mr. Kearns are well worthy of inspection.

Giving precedence to age, Tatton Maggie comes first. She was purchased at Mr. Victor Cavendish's sale, and is a fine, roomy, powerful stamp of mare. Next to her comes Knottingley Fuchsia, who is just now in the very best condition, and looking remarkably well from every point of view, a fact which speaks volumes for the care and attention bestowed upon her since her return from the great show at Islington. She has many points in her favour, being a big, upstanding mare of great power and symmetry, and is also both good to meet and to follow, in addition to which she is a corky mover, and flexes her hocks well. Last of the three mares brought out for inspection, but by no means least, is Knottingley Rose. She is a remarkably sharp mover for so powerful a mare, and is just now looking so well that she can hardly fail to do even better in the near future than she has lately done at Islington.

The Menestrel blood is much in favour at Willcross, and rightly so, for it usually carries with it the weight, power, and soundness which are essential to the Shire horse. Helvellyn is a nice eleven months old colt, and Home-spun, by Menestrel out of Dina Morris, if a little on the small side, is nevertheless a symmetrical filly, with plenty of scope for development. Three foals by Birdsall Menestrel do credit to their sire. Then there is a nice filly foal named Happy Morn, by Harold out of Day Dawn, which was placed first in the local and second in the open class at Whalley last year, and promises to do even better in the forthcoming shows. As far as appearances



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FOALS.

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go, there are other likely youngsters amongst the foals, and it may be taken for granted that if they fail to carry out the promise of their youth, it will not be for want of all that lavish care and attention can do for them. The brood mare Grand Duchess is a fairly typical representative of her class; she stands 17h. 3in., is eight years old, and is by Menestrel out of Boro' Duchess, by Thumper Junior. She is now in foal to Mr. Bryars's Lockinge Albert. She has for companions Day Dawn, by Harold out of Calwich Chance, by Premier, who is in foal to Birdsall Menestrel, and the five year old Harold mare Dina Morris. Ample accommodation is provided for the mares and foals—their paddocks are well sheltered, due attention is paid to the scientific side of breeding, and it is perhaps needless to add that no expense is spared by Mr. Kearns in maintaining the reputation of his stud of Shire horses.

It is pleasing to notice that, notwithstanding the unusually strong competition, Knottingley Fuchsia, by Knottingley Regent (18,130) out of Knottingley Queen (29,121), was placed first by the judges in Class XI., for four year old mares, at the London Shire Horse Show, and that in the same class the fourth place was awarded to Knottingley Rose.

SOME LONDON BIRDS.

WHATEVER we may have lost of bird-life in London, the fact remains that, owing to the immigration of several interesting species in recent years, the metropolis can now show a very creditable selection of wild birds. And these have this particular advantage from the point of view of the bird-lover, that, more than any other representatives of their respective species in England, they give us the opportunity of observing them as they naturally are. This is not the paradox it seems, for the whole matter is summed up in the one point, that the Cockney bird is tame, regards man as a friend, and takes him into his confidence, and thus acts up to his true character, without having an eye to the constant possibility of the need for hurried flight like his country relative. Take the London wood-pigeon, for instance; not long ago I saw a statement by an excellent observer, that the wood-pigeon, as opposed to the quarrelsome domestic pigeon, was a singularly peaceable bird, and no doubt it seems so, so far as it can be observed in the country. Yet in London a very common sight in the parks in spring is two wood-pigeons squaring up to each other nobly in the pathway to settle some affair of honour, with the public as sympathising seconds. It is no doubt sad that the birds should thus wash their dirty linen in public, and lower themselves in our estimation; but their choice of arena and confidence in the lookers-on are altogether charming. Comparing the wood-pigeon with the domestic pigeon reminds one of how the two species have to a slight extent interchanged habits. Sometimes the wood-pigeon will build on a house, and now and then feed in the street, while I once saw a pair picking about in, of all places, the tiny goods-yard of Baker Street Station. On the other hand, the tame pigeons have taken to the trees in the Green Park, a very rare habit in the domestic bird; indeed, I have never seen it elsewhere except in a few places where trees were exceedingly close to a dovecote. The smallest and daintiest of our pigeons, the turtle-dove, made its appearance in our parks last year, for the first time, so far as I am aware. A single bird haunted the back premises of the south-west end of the Zoological Gardens for some time, and I was told it had a mate; indeed, I myself once saw two or three pairs on the wing at one time there. The single bird was wild, but could be approached near enough to make quite sure that it was the true wild turtle-dove, and not the cream-coloured domestic one, of which a few specimens have long been living and breeding in St. James's Park, though the public do not often see them. It is a pity that a larger stock of this pretty creature is not kept up; but, at all events, it is gratifying to find that our native bird is giving the parks a trial.

Scarcely less conspicuous than the wood-pigeon as a park denizen is the moorhen. In spite of an eminent ornithologist's statement that this bird seems unable to overcome the inherent stealthiness of the rails—which, in the country, is more or less true—the moorhen has become very much domesticated with us in town, and parades the turf with the assurance of a pet bantam. I have even seen one take food from a boy's hand, and all the pretty domestic economy of the moorhen family may be made out by a careful watcher. One may see how the young birds, bred early in the season, care for the tiny puffs of black down which are their little brothers and sisters, even before they are quite fledged themselves, and the prudent way in which an old moorhen, securing a big bit of bread, will feed a half-grown chick with bits broken off it, and ultimately leave it to negotiate the delicacy for itself. It says a great deal for the discretion of the moorhen that it is able to maintain itself in the cat-infested London area, for, as anyone may see in the summer, it is quite incapable of flight in the moulting season, since all the quills come out at once, as is the case with ducks and some other marsh-loving birds.

The dabchick attracts little attention in the parks as compared with the moorhen, but it exists there under less favourable conditions. Being chiefly an animal feeder, it does not benefit by the liberal dole of bread bestowed by the public; and, not being at all at home out of the water, it cannot seek its living ashore, and so has to migrate in winter to avoid the risk of being frozen out. In other respects, this merry, plucky little diver prospers well enough and adapts himself to circumstances. Years ago, Riley, the late bird-keeper at St. James's Park, showed me a nest of the dabchick, for which newspaper had been employed, instead of the natural material of water-weeds, wet paper being just nice and soft enough to suit a dabchick's ideas of what was correct in upholstery. And, although not a beggar, the dabchick has cultivated very friendly relations with man. The "didapper peering through the wave, which, being looked at, ducks as quickly in," seems not now to exist in the parks. His modern representative boldly returns one's gaze. Indeed, last autumn I saw a dabchick—a bird of the year, as was evident from his still downy head—swim boldly under the bridge at St. James's Park, unmoved by the presence of spectators, who hailed it as "a dear little duck."

The crowning joy of the London bird-lover has, of course, been the accession of the black-headed gulls in winter, though whether the birds already in possession of the park waters were equally pleased with their advent is another matter. However, these beautiful, noisy birds are the greatest of popular favourites while they stay, even where there is competition, and on the river they enjoy almost undivided patronage; I say almost, for during the last year or two the big herring-gulls have got wind of the good living in London, and come up to practise piracy on their smaller relatives. Herein is the Nemesis of the latter for robbing the anciently-established park ducks; but from the Nature-lovers' point of view the big gulls are the best acquisition of all, their wide sweep of wing and slow, stately flight giving a touch of wildness to the scene which the little black-headed species cannot rival. There have been for some time a few herring-gulls, bred from the pinioned birds in the parks, which had full power of flight, and these may have carried the news. I saw one of these true London gulls some time ago capture an unfortunate sparrow, which, after well soaking, it proceeded to swallow whole, and then unsuccessfully



C. Reid.

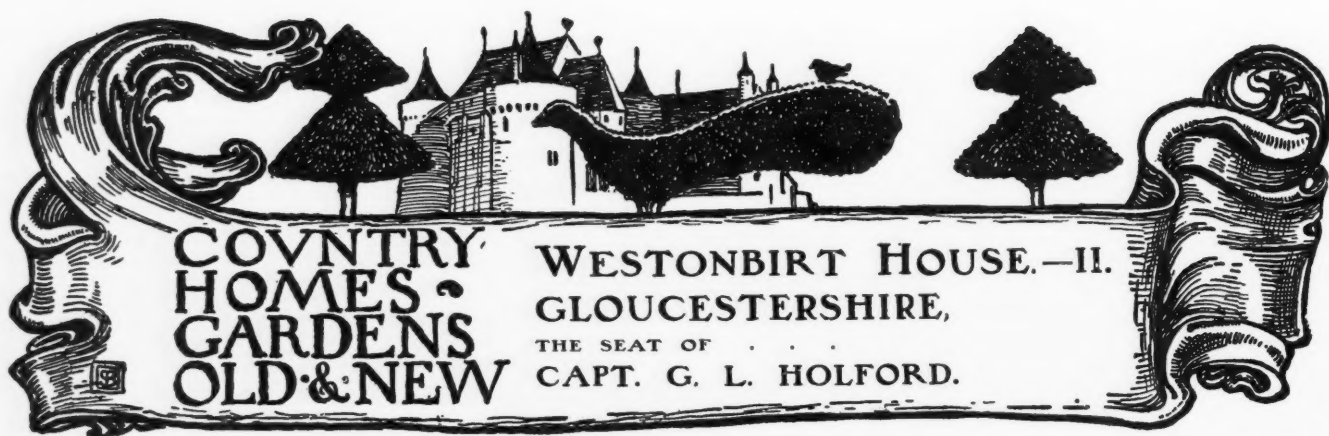
KNOTTINGLEY FUCHSIA AND KNOTTINGLEY ROSE.

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attempted to catch another, craftily going about with lowered head. But the success of the first attempt shows that Philip Sparrow has a lot to learn about ornithology, for he certainly does not seem to be aware of the difference between a gull and a duck.

Philip himself is more interesting in town than in the country, if only by reason of his more marked tendency to sport a motley coat. The pied bird which I alluded to some time ago in COUNTRY LIFE as living near me has since disappeared. The last time I saw him he was paying vigorous court to a hen sparrow, his expanded wings and tail showing off their white quills very strikingly. Whether the lady approved of this abnormal display I do not know—his sudden disappearance would seem to imply that she did not, and that he had consequently committed suicide or emigrated! But there are always some pied birds about, and such are always interesting, if only because they can be individually observed.

The thrush tribe seem to do remarkably well in London; the song-thrush and blackbird can hardly be commoner anywhere, and are delightfully tame and full of song. The thrush sings even in a hard frost; and as to tameness, I have seen one in Battersea Park alight within two or three yards of a party of children, while on a crowded Bank Holiday at the Zoological Gardens last year a blackbird fearlessly sat and sang on a low tree not a dozen yards from the path. The small birds in these gardens are in the lap of luxury; last year a blackbird might have been seen picking a meal from a bone in a cage wherein the South African hawk-eagle looked down on him in harmless majesty, and there are plenty of enclosures where intrusion is less risky and equally profitable. The missel-thrush certainly bred either in or near the Zoological Gardens last year, for I saw the fledged young flying about there, and a few specimens of this most gallant and showy of our song-birds have been about Regent's Park for two years at least. A few weeks ago a single redwing was to be seen near them, and I saw one again on another occasion later. No less a visitor than the green woodpecker appeared last year in St. James's Park, and, though I was not fortunate enough to see this bird, I did see a kingfisher and a grey wagtail there. The kingfisher certainly ought to establish itself in the parks sooner or later; all the circumstances are favourable—clear shallow water, with plenty of overhanging trees, abundance of small fish, and islands in which it could safely breed. FRANK FINN.



OUR account of the history and architectural character of this fine Gloucestershire seat will have prepared the reader for an appreciation of what, after all, we may describe as its principal claim to attention. We do not know any place in England which more truly represents the tastes and individuality of those who have been and are its possessors; for the late Mr. Holford, like his son and successor, had an intense love for the wood and the garden. Few men in England knew more than he of the characters and beauties of trees and flowers, and he gave up the greater part of his well-spent life to planting and cultivating both. He did not go to his labour of love as the horticulturist prizing his specimens, though no one prized them more, but as one whose cultivated judgment and exhaustless love for the things of Nature, as treated by the gardener's hand, enabled him to use them well, in form and grouping, for the magnificent effects which now give such high distinction to the place he erected and adorned. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit* might be said of his treatment of the garden world, which he ransacked for its treasures, and these grew to greater beauty under his hand. Westonbirt becomes more beautiful year by year, for nothing that is new is left untried there, though in its general character the place was the creation of one lifetime. Yet it is difficult to realise that where now extend these beautiful gardens, both formal and landscape, and these gorgeous plantations, with their endless variety of coniferous and other trees and bushes, and their

glades, vistas, waters, and nooks, spread sixty years ago an open space sparsely clothed with elm, ash, beech, oak, and thorn. Nature did not help much in this dry elevated land between 300ft. and 400ft. above the sea, for the ground was little diversified, and there was neither stream nor lake, nor any outcropping of picturesque rock such as now we behold. Yet, when skill and knowledge direct operations to a definite end, marvels are wrought; and it seems almost incredible there should now be living in the village an old man who, when a youth, brought in a wheel-barrow a cedar now grown to majestic proportions, while level outstretched boughs cast down a wide expanse of shade over the surrounding sward. The soil, generally speaking, is of the poorest, the brashy limestone which overlies the oolitic rock being never many inches from the surface. It is to be noted, however, that this ungenerous soil has some advantages, since it is capable of producing things which give glorious tints in the autumn, of a richness and beauty of which many people have little conception. Pines thrive wonderfully, the spruce rises nobly, and the Scotch, Austrian, and Corsican kinds, with an undergrowth of holly and laurel, have a magnificent effect. Mr. Holford was so fortunate as to discover a "pocket" of sand, which he utilised for the planting of his arboretum, enabling rhododendrons, of which there is a very fine collection, to flourish, as well as other plants to which limestone is unpropitious or fatal.

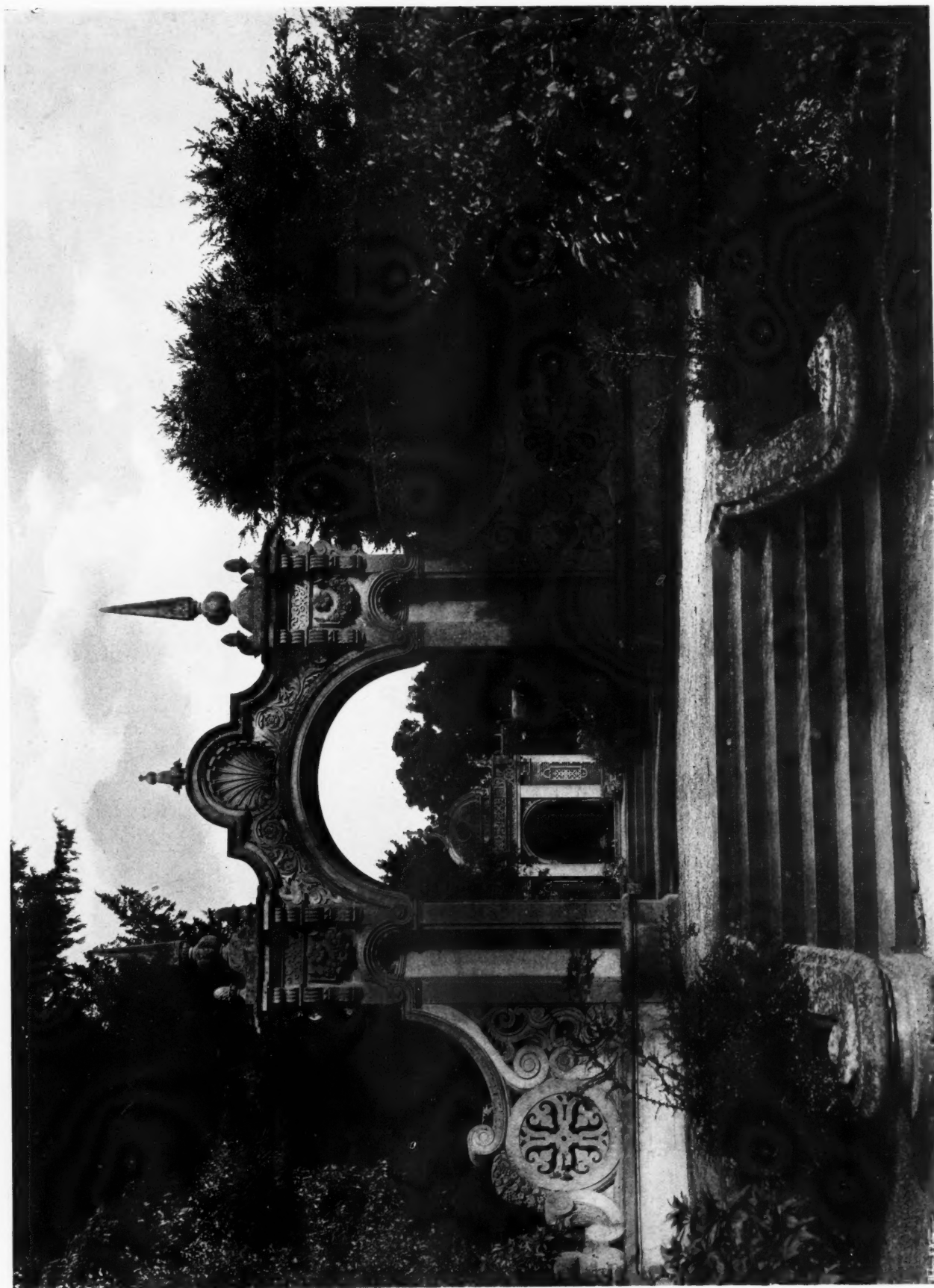
So great is the interest attaching to these wonderful grounds



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THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

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GARDEN STAIRWAYS.

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that a further article shall be devoted to them. For the present, therefore, we shall mainly concern ourselves with the gardens proper and the "dressed grounds" nearer the house. Gilpin was concerned in laying down the general idea of the park plantations, and Mr. Thomas was consulted. We may say that Westonbirt is an exemplification of Sir Uvelale Price's idea that there should be a progression to more natural forms and characters as we leave the immediate vicinity of the house. There is fine terracing

on the south front, and an Italian garden is on the east, with a sunken garden near it, while towards the west are the lake, rockeries, and glades in a style worthy of Repton, extending over the place where once were the village street, the stocks, the vicarage, and a farmyard. It can scarcely be said that there is a marked contrast between the styles, since one melts into the other. Mr. Holford, as we have said, was one of the first of English gentlemen to take up orchid-growing—Westonbirt is now more famous for its orchids—and he loved all flower growths, which he cultivated in brilliant beds and gorgeous parterres in the Italian garden, while in his planting

rich and harmonious colour in autumn and winter was sought, and in the glades colonies of aconites, cyclamens, snowdrops, daffodils, and other spring flowers are now planted in the turf. Enough has been said by way of introduction to show how great are the claims of Westonbirt to attention, and how greatly harmony of detail, variety, and picturesqueness enhance the effect.

The garden front of the house, with its southerly aspect, has before it a pleasant terrace, margined by a low wall, which has fine

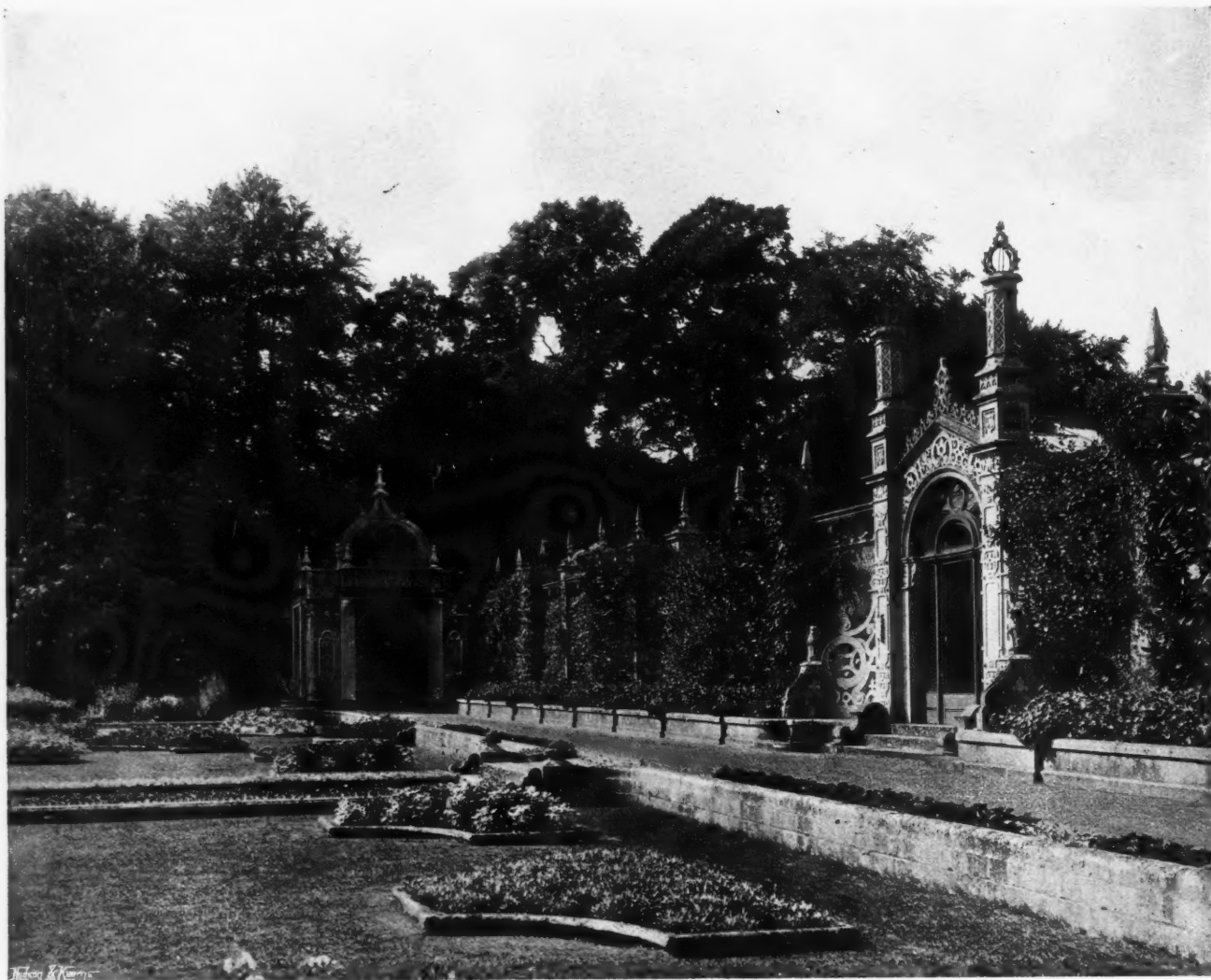
vases at intervals upon its parapet, forming a vantage point from which to survey the landscape beauties of the lower gardens. It is when we take this outlook that we begin to realise that the Westonbirt gardens were planted not to give an effect in one particular season, but to look well on every day in the year, though, if any particular season gives them pre-eminence, it is the autumn, when the effects are gorgeous, owing to the large number of Japanese maples, which are one of the glories of the place, and a multitude of other trees, which assume magnificent hues, harmoniously grouped for effect. Before we enter these lower gardens, let us proceed to the left by the terraced



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SOUTH TERRACE OF THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

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way, noticing the beautiful pergola as we pass along, to the Italian garden, with its temples and rare adornments. Here, as was remarked in the last article, another hand than that of Mr. Vulliamy was employed, and something slightly fantastic in the character may be noticed which is a little foreign to his style. The Italian garden is enclosed by walls and by a most superb screen of foliage, but with openings to the south through which

shrubs, with *magnolia grandiflora*, ornamental vines, and clematis.

We may pass from the Italian garden to the sunken garden which is beyond it. Here, embowered by splendid trees, is the flying Mercury, not "new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill," but poised in the midst of a circular stone-edged basin, wherein magnificent water-lilies flourish. Beyond the basin is an alcove,



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FROM HOUSE TO GARDEN.

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the landscape garden is disclosed. There is a terraced walk on the north side, and balustraded walls hem in the garden on the south. The area is turf, and the beds are stone-edged, with long borders on every side in which taller flowers grow. The beds are brilliant in colour when the sun lights up the enclosure, and the effect is very splendid in the border on the north, where, protected from the blasts by a high wall, are half-hardy

a little raised, which forms a vantage point for surveying the lovely prospect of the landscape garden towards the lake in the hollow. It looks along a broad walk, which runs east and west below the Italian garden, leading us towards the lake and rock garden.

Now, as we go westward by this walk, we notice the very characteristic architectural adornments of this side of the Italian



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SYCAMORE AND SUNDIAL.

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garden, the stonework being perforated and carved in Jacobean style, with circular basins, into which grotesque heads discharge streams of water. Now it must be noticed, as quite an original feature, that the perforated stonework of these basins has its openings filled with glass, so that we, on the lower level, see light transmitted through the water, and the whole reflected in mirror-like sheets below. In these basins grow the best of the water-lilies. This arrangement will be well understood from the beautiful pictures which accompany this article, and it will be noticed that the bell-turret of the stables, rising above the north wall of the Italian garden, as seen from this point, is a picturesque feature in the view.

We are now in a position to admire and appreciate the very beautiful character of the landscape part of the grounds, and it may be noticed that, though the planting has been rich and abundant, vistas have been judiciously left, through which enchanting prospects are disclosed—not formal vistas closed in by walls of trees, but openings variously disposed with projecting shrubberies and fine individual trees. Reference

has already been made to the sylvan colouring, and a later article will be devoted to the special character of the planting, and in particular to the famous arboretum; but here some notes shall be given, which shall be descriptive of the effects attained, and may, perhaps, suggest to others how such beauties may be secured. It has been mentioned that the grounds were enlarged some time ago by the late Mr. Holford, who formed the Italian garden about 1844, and continued to work much at the landscape features throughout his life.

Among the coniferous trees in the pleasure-grounds are very

fine specimens of *Cedrus atlantica* (about 80ft. high), the variety *glauca* (30ft. high, mostly shapely and beautiful), *Cedrus deodora* (70ft. high), and several large specimens of the Lebanon cedar, which give great distinction to the place. Many of the sequoias have attained great size, and there are specimens of *Cryptomeria japonica elegans*, which give a warm glow. The colour is enhanced by the use of *Cupressus lawsoniana lutea*, and the Stewart variety, the *Juniperus chinensis*



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THE SOUTH LAWN AND LAKE.

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THE GARDEN OF MERCURY.

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THE CIRCULAR FOUNTAIN—STABLES IN DISTANCE.

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THE CIRCULAR FOUNTAIN.

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aurea, *Pinus sylvestris aurea*, and several varieties of the golden yew. One specimen of *Taxus baccata aurea*, 25ft. high and 16ft. in diameter, is a grand specimen, standing out prominently as we enter the rock garden, and there is a beautiful example of *Thujopsis dolabrata*, a native of Japan, seen to great advantage on the lawn. One of the great features of the place, however, is the great array of the splendid Japanese maples, which are planted prominently in groups. These are

magnificent from the first bursting of the buds until the leaves drop in autumn, dyed with the most glowing hues. They prosper wonderfully, and there are recent species and many varieties. The brilliancy of the palmatum kind lights up the whole place when in leaf. Two of the largest specimens of *Acer palmatum* in the country form a fine background to other dwarf shrubs, and the *atro-purpureum*, *palmatifidum*, *septemlobum*, *dissectum*, *sanguineum*, and *ampelopsifolium* varieties have grown from 12ft. to 15ft. high, and from 6ft. to 12ft. in diameter. Magnificent colour effects are gained by the use of these wonderful



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EAST END OF ITALIAN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

varieties. Nothing can be finer than the cardinal and yellow-barked willows, the red dogwood, *Euonymus alatus*, *Berberis Thunbergii*, and the spiræas, which are planted in large clumps, and light up the landscape with lovely colour in winter, while trees of *Prunus Pissardi*, *Acer negundo variegata*, with *Clematis Jackmanni* arranged to trail among the branches, form a charming contrast when the latter is in flower. *Pyrus arbutifolia*, *Forsythia suspensa*, several of the flowering cherries, *Pyrus*

floribunda, deciduous magnolias, and the tree pæonies, as single specimens on the lawn, present attractive features, and stand out boldly when planted in front of evergreen groups. *Daphniphyllum glaucescens* and *viride* are hardy here, and are represented by three large specimens, which measure 7ft. high and 7ft. through. Thorns are planted among the evergreen trees, and the weeping, green, variegated, and upright hollies lend themselves to the landscape and grow more densely than in some other places. Tender shrubs, such as *Euonymus Carpentaria californica* and *Magnolia grandiflora* (the Exmouth



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THE WESTERN ALCOVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

variety), grow well on the walls. We might go on cataloguing things that grow in this remarkable garden, but we will only add that the *Erecta viridis* or Knap Hill variety of the Lawson cypress has a fine effect, rising with its green spires in various parts of the garden. There is consummate art in the manner in which a scarlet oak may contrast with a blue cedar, or a golden conifer with a deep green.

We may now notice that the lake is entirely artificial, though Nature herself could scarce excel the charm. The rockwork was laid out about thirty years ago by Messrs. Pulham, who are still, in that department of garden work, pre-eminent. The rock crops out from the ground in the most natural way, perfectly stratified, and where the village stood a most charming part of the gardens has been created. The lake is not large, but it is so shaped that it is never all seen at once. Its tasteful margins are most charming, the weather-stained rocks are overrun with an infinite variety of alpine plants and shrubs, and there are colonies of primulas, gentians and the like, saxitrages and heaths, with ivy, cotoneaster, and a multitude of other things, while in the spring multitudes of bulbous plants rise from the

turf. Almost enough has been said, for the time, as to the wonders of Westonbirt. Its triumphs are well known to the Royal Horticultural and Botanical Societies. Captain Holford has a great love for orchids, and his orchid houses are full of most beautiful and valuable specimens, and some notable varieties have been produced at Westonbirt. The amaryllis, which has been cultivated for fifty or sixty years at Westonbirt, forms a grand collection of probably 3,000 bulbs, all of them produced here, and Mr. Chapman, the gardener, is a great authority on their culture. The pelargonium house is magnificent, and it is scarcely necessary to mention that the peach, nectarine, and other houses and vineries are on a great scale. Roses grow, but it can scarcely be said that they greatly prosper in this uncongenial soil. In one of the houses it is interesting to see one of the earliest plants, widespread and freely blooming, of the celebrated Fortune's Yellow. The whole place stands very high amongst the gardens of England, and there is no garden in which better judgment has been exercised in the selection and judicious planting of beautiful varieties of trees, rich in colour of leaf or stem.

THE HERALDS OF MARCH.

By FIONA MACLEOD.

UNDER this heading I had meant to deal with the return of the Plover and Lapwing, having in mind a Galloway rhyme,

"Whaup, Whimbrel, an' Plover,
Whan these whistle the worst o' t's over!"

But on consideration it was evident that March has so complicated an orchestral prelude that the name could hardly be given to any one group of birds. Does not another rhyme go

"The Lavrock, the Mavis,
The Woodlark, the Plover,
March brings them back
Because Winter is over."

But March brings back so many birds! There is another bird-rhyme . . .

"When the Song-Thrush is ready to laugh,
Ye'll hear the Woodlark an' the Wheatear an' the Chaff."

Well, the Song-Thrush has been 'ready to laugh' a good while back, now: his 'laughter' has already whirled the flute-notes of Spring, amid branches swelling to leaf-break, but not yet at the greening. The Chiff-Chaff has been heard on many a common, or on the ridge of a stone-dyke, or calling from the blackthorn thickets. The wheatear has by this time delighted many a superstitious yokel who has caught his first glimpse of it sitting on a grassy tuft, or on a low spray of gorse or juniper, or depressed him sorely if he has come upon it for the first time when seen perched on a stone. But all three are birds which are with us long before the real Spring is come. With the missel-thrush on the elm-bole, the song-thrush in the copses, the blackbird calling from the evergreens, it does not follow, alas! that, as in the fairy-tale, the north wind has become a feeble old man and the east wind a silly old wife. Frost and snow and sleet, rain and flood, and the dull greyness of returned winter, may only too likely succeed these blithe heralds, have so succeeded, this year, as we know to our cost. There was jubilation in some places at January-end because of the early singing of the larks, which here and there had been heard soon after the New Year: but those who rejoiced untimely at the advent of Spring-weather must have forgot the north-country proverb, "as long as the laverock sings before Candlemas it will greet after it."

The lark and the blackbird are, in truth, such irresponsible singers, have such glad irrepressible hearts, that they will sing in the dead of winter, if only the wind slides through a windless air and the sunshine is unclouded. Tens of thousands have gone oversea, but thousands remain; and these are not to be chilled into silence if but the least excuse be given for the unsealing of the fountains of joy. In green Decembers one may hear the merle's notes fluting down the wet alleys as though Christmas were still a long way off: but the wary will recall another north-country saying akin to that just quoted concerning the laverock . . . "When the blackbird sings before Christmas she will cry before Candlemas."

So now I shall leave the Tribe of the Plover to a succeeding article, and, speaking of the skylark and his spring-comrades, allude to that mysterious March wayfaring of the winged people which is so enthralling a problem in the psychology of bird-life.

The whole problem of Migration is still a mystery, but an enhancement of this mystery is in the irregularity and incompleteness of the working out of this all but universal instinct, this inscrutable rhythmic law. Both the skylark and the blackbird, for example, are migratory birds, and yet larks and merles

by the thousand remain in our northlands through the winter, and even come to us at that season. The skylark in particular puzzles the ornithologist. While certain birds appear and disappear with an astonishing regularity, as though they heard the pealing of aerial chimes afar off and knew the bells of home . . . the swallow, for example; or, again, the tiny gold-crested wren, in some parts called 'the woodcock-pilot' because in two or at most three days after its appearance the first woodcocks are invariably seen . . . there are others, like the song-thrush, which will pass away in the great migratory clouds that like withdrawing veils every autumn carry the winged clans oversea; which will pass so absolutely that for a hundred miles not one of its kind will be observed, not even a straggler: and yet, in some other direction, others will be seen weeks later and perhaps even through the winter. We are all familiar with the homestay of the Redbreast, and many people believe that it is not a migrant because of its frequency about our garden-ways even in the hardest winter: and yet, in incalculable myriads, the redbreast migrates as far south as the Sahara, and its sweet home-song of the north may be heard in Greece, by the banks of the Nile, throughout Palestine even, from the cedars of Lebanon to the valleys about Jerusalem.

It is the skylark, however, more than any other bird which so often upsets rules and calculations. Even people who do not observe the ways of birds must be struck by the numbers of larks which may be met with in the course of several midwinter walks, by the occasional outbreak of brief song even, though snow be upon the wolds and a grey wind blow through the sere leaves of the oak-coppice or among the desolate hedgerows: must be the more struck by this, or by mention of it on the part of others, when they read of the hundreds, sometimes thousands of dead larks found on nights of storm or bitter frost, on the rocks below lighthouses, along the great lines of migration during the season of the vast inscrutable ebb or of the as vast and inscrutable vernal arrival. Incalculable hosts leave our shores every autumn; and along the bleak fenlands, by wave-set light-houses, on isles such as Ushant or Heligoland, thousands of wings flutter and fall; and the host passes on; and the seawave, the fierce gull, the shore-hawk, all the tribe of the owl, all the innumerable foes which prey upon the helpless, give scant grace to the weaklings and the baffled and weary. But why should all this immense congregation have listened to the ancestral cry, and from meadow and moor and the illimitable dimsea of the fallowlands come singly and in flocks and in immense herds and in a cloudlike multitude, as sheep at the cry of the herdsman, as hounds at the long ululation of a horn, while thousands of their clan remain deaf to the mysterious Voice, the imperative silent mandate from oversea? Of these, again, countless numbers merely move to another region, and mayhap some cross the salt straits only to return; or as many, it may be, leave not at all the familiar solitudes, and at most show by cloudy flights and wild and fluctuating gyrations the heritage of blind instinct, which, if it cannot be satiated by far pilgrimage, must at least shake these troubled hearts with sudden inexplicable restlessness. It is calculated, again, that myriads of skylarks merely use our coasts as highways on their journey from the far south to the far north . . . in this, too, exemplifying another strange law or manifestation of the mystery of migration, that the birds which move furthest north in their vernal arrival are those which penetrate furthest south when they turn again upon the autumnal wind of exile. Naturalists have proved, however, that countless hordes of skylarks actually arrive from northern Europe

to winter in our country. Are these birds moved by a different instinct from that which impels the majority of their kind? Have they, through generations following one another in the path of an accident, forgotten the sunlands of the common ancestral remembrance, and, having found Britain less snowbound and frostbound than the wastes of Esthonia and Pomerania, been content, when driven before the icy east wind, to fare no further than our bleak, and yet, save in the worst winters, relatively habitable inlands? Again, naturalists have observed a like movement hitherward in winter from Central Europe. There may be observed in the early spring as regular an emigration as, on a perhaps not vaster scale, an incalculable immigration. Apparently, most if not all of the myriads of skylarks which are undoubtedly with us throughout the winter are these immigrants from Northern and Central Europe. Those which come in February and in still greater numbers in March and April (and the later the arrivals the further north the goal, it is said) are the 'strayed revellers' from the South, the home-bred birds home again. In our remote Hebrides the nesting season is hardly over before the island-bred skylarks, so late in coming, are on the Great South Road once more. What with the habitual two and the not infrequent three broods raised in a single season, particularly in Southern England, South-West Scotland, and Ireland, and the enormous influx of aliens from Northern and Central Europe, our skylark population is at its highest, not, as most people might think, in May, or even about the season of the autumnal equinox, but at the beginning of November, when already the great tides of migration have ebbed. Another puzzling problem is the rhythmic regularity of the arrivals and departures of the incomers and the outgoers. For while the latter will not take the high road of the upper air till nightfall or at least until dusk, the former travel by day: and the goings and comings are so timed, or to observation appear so timed, that about four o'clock on a late October day the first cohort of the invaders may in the wide lonely desert overhead pass the first caravans of the exiles. In March, again, the two currents may once more meet: the home-bred birds are on their return, the aliens are on the wing for the hill-pastures and the vales and uplands of their native countries. This will account for how, say in the Hebrides, one observer will chronicle the departure of the skylarks before Summerend, at the early close there of the nesting season, and how another, not less accurate, will note the presence weeks later of larks in apparently as great a number as ever. The islanders have gone, to seek the south: the newcomers from Scandinavia have taken their place. But here also, as elsewhere, the conditions of the weather will be more potent than even the summons of the spirit of migration: a severe frost will for a time clear a whole region of the tufted birdeens, a prolonged frost will drive them away from that region for the winter.

The Lark, then, so often apostrophised as the first voice of Spring, is by no means specifically the Herald of March. When we see his brown body breasting the air-waves of the March wind, it may not be the welcome migrant from the South we see, with greenness in his high aerial note and the smell of hay and wild roses in the o'ercome of his song, but a winter-exile from a far mountain-vale in Scandinavia or from the snowbound wastes of Courland or Westphalia.

The Woodlark, the Chiff-Chaff, and the rest, all are heralds of March. But as we identify certain birds with certain seasons and certain qualities . . . as the Swallow with April, and the Cuckoo with May, and the Dove with peace . . . so we have come to think of the Mavis and the Merle but above all of the Skylark as the true heralds of March, the month when the Flutes of Pan sound from land's end to land's end, for all that tempest and flood, sleet and the polar blast and the bitter wind of the east, may ravage the coverts of the winged clans.

To write of all the birds who come back to us in the Spring, even so early as the front of March, would be, here, a mere catalogue, and then be incomplete. For the hidden places in the woods, in the meadows, in the hedgerows, on the moors, in the sandy dunes, in the hollowed rocks, on the ledges over green water and on the wind-scooped foreheads of cliffs and precipices; everywhere, from the heather-wilderness on the unsnowed hills to the tangled bent on the little windswept eyot set in the swing of the tides, the secret homes are waiting, or are already filled, and glad with that everlasting and unchanging business of the weaving anew of life which has the constancy of sunrise, the rhythmic certitude of day and night.

The spiritual secret of our delight in the joyousness of the lark's song, or in that of mavis or merle, is because the swift music is a rapture transcending human utterance. There is not less joy in the screech of the jay, in the hoarse cry of the cormorant, in the scream of the gannet poised like a snowflake two thousand feet above the turbulent surge of blue and white, or green and grey, to its vision but a vast obscurity of calm filled with phantom life, a calm moveless seen from that great height, wrinkled only with perplexing interplay of wave and shadow. These have their joy, and to the open ear are joy; not less than the merle singing among wet lilac, the mavis calling from the

swaying poplar, the lark flinging the largesse of his golden music along the high devious azure roads. Can one doubt that this is so . . . that, listening with the inward ear, we must hold as dear the wail of the curlew, the mournful cry of the lapwing, when on the hill-slope or in the wild grass these call rejoicingly in life and love and the mute ecstasy of implicit duty.

As long, however, as we impose our own needs and our own desires on the indifferent tribes of the earth and air, so long shall we take this or that comrade of the elements and say it is the voice of Peace, or War, or Love, or Joy. March, we say, is the month of gladness. A new spirit is awake, is abroad. The thrush and the blackbird are our clarions of rejoicing. The lark, supremely, is our lyric of joy.

Joy, the poets tell us, is the Mother of Spring, and of Joy has it not been said that there is no more ancient God? What fitter symbol for this divine uplift of the year than this bird whose ecstasy in song makes the very word Spring an intoxication in our ears? We have a Gaelic legend that the first word of God spoken to the world became a lark . . . the eternal joy translated into a moment's ecstasy. But further back has not Aristophanes told us that the lark existed, not only before the green grass where it nests or the blue lift into which it soars, but before Zeus and Kronos themselves, before the Creation, before Time. It is but a symbol of the divine Joy which is Life: that most ancient Breath, that Spirit whose least thought is Creation, whose least motion is Beauty, whose least glance is that eternal miracle which we, seeing dimly and in the rhythmic rise of the long cadence of the hours, call by a word of outwelling, of measureless effluence, the Spring.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

ARRIVING SUMMER BIRDS.

WITH the appearance of the wheatear in the home counties on the 15th, all doubt about the advent of spring ceased, and before these lines are printed the yellow wagtail, chiff-chaff, and willow-warbler will probably have been seen in many places. The wryneck, however, is the bird whose arrival should be most keenly looked for among the first flights of migrants, because it is the only bird about whose date considerable doubt still exists, some observers placing it absolutely first of all, before even the wheatear, and others declaring that it arrives almost simultaneously with the cuckoo, and need not be watched for until the end of the first week of April. On more than one occasion, in the West of England, I have thought I heard the wryneck in March; but that was many years ago, and it is especially unsafe to trust to the ears only in this matter. Not only is the cry of the kestrel very like the wryneck's note, but some song-thrushes also have a trick of repeating the monosyllable "pee, pee, pee" in exactly the same tone; and when they are singing at a little distance, this, which is always uttered loudly, may be all that you hear.

CHIFFCHAFF AND WILLOW-WARBLER.

Some doubt also seems to exist as to whether the chiffchaff or the willow-warbler makes the earlier arrival, the difficulty of deciding being enhanced by the close similarity of these two little birds and the silence of the first-comers. When they sing, of course, it is impossible to mistake the "chiff-chiff-chaffer-chiff-chiff" of one for the rising and descending scale "twee-twee-twee-twee-tway-tway-tway" of the other; but even when you have a dead chiffchaff in your hand you can only be sure that it is not a willow-warbler by the sixth feather of the wing being notched as well as the first five, by the darker legs, and by the rather shorter wings. There is also in the chiffchaff a slight absence of the greenish tinge of the willow-warbler, especially in the pale line over the eye; but this is very little to go by in an attempt to identify a tiny greenish brown bird perpetually slipping about in the hedgerow. Yet in this, as in most cases of wild creatures which differ very slightly, one's eye soon gets trained to recognise the chiffchaff or the willow-wren at sight by their different "character." This is that undefinable something which we recognise, for instance, as a "family likeness" among human beings; and the willow-warbler always seems too graceful and symmetrical to be a chiffchaff. The reason of this lies in the shorter wings of the latter, causing them to meet over the tail at a more abrupt angle. Thus the body of the chiffchaff seems to end more roundly and abruptly, while the willow-warbler tapers more gracefully towards the tail. This is carried still further in the wood-wren, which has the longest wings of the three, and consequently looks the most graceful.

SHAPE AND POWER OF WING.

It is, no doubt, in correlation with this difference in length of wing, and the consequent change of angle at which they are sloped, when folded, on the tail, that the best point for identifying dead specimens—namely, the number of primary feathers which are notched on the outside—has arisen. For the position in which the wings lie upon the tail when at rest naturally affects the expansion of the outer webs of the outer feathers; and thus we get a rule that in short-winged birds the leading primaries are less developed than the hinder ones; and by consequence a rounded outline always accompanies shortness of wing, with corresponding feebleness of flight. Thus from the position of the longest feather in a wing you can usually tell whether the bird from which it was taken was a short-winged weak flier or otherwise—the further back the longest feather, the weaker the flight.

A MATTER OF FOOD.

Yet in the matter of migration, length of wing or power of flight appears to make no difference, for the chiffchaff goes just as far as the wood-warbler, and comes back sooner, in spite of its much weaker wings. But for this, as

for almost all differences of habit and structure in wild life, we may confidently seek the cause in their methods of feeding; and the chiffchaff, which seeks its food in thickets and low herbage, is manifestly qualified to return home sooner than the wood-warbler, which gathers almost all that it eats from the leaves of trees. It is for this purpose that it has acquired its powerful wings, enabling it to hover like a humming-bird under the leafy twigs; but it would be of no use to return hither while our trees are still bare. Similarly the sedge-warblers and reed-warblers do not come back until aquatic vegetation has grown high in pond and stream; the swallows and flycatchers must stay until the air is full of insects; and the cuckoo must await the growing of the hibernated grubs, which are large, and easily found in April. The wheatear, on the other hand, can come early, because it seeks its food in open spaces where there is always abundance, when the early year is mild.

BLACKBIRD SPRING.

That the wheatear has come almost at its earliest date this year is not surprising, because there has very seldom been a spring in which so many of our resident birds have commenced to nest before the middle of March. There is scarcely a hedgerow now without its blackbirds' and thrushes' nests, and for some time the chorus of these birds has been worthy of May. At first the blackbird was capricious, as usual, in singing, but soon after the end of the first week of March that general outburst occurred which always seems to mark the coming of real spring. No matter how constantly and beautifully the thrushes may sing, we welcome their efforts and admire their pluck, but we do not know that winter has gone. So soon, however, as the blackbirds join them in full song, we know that all serious fear of a wintry relapse may be put aside. Spring may be chilly, if we have bad luck with the winds, but it will still be spring.

E. K. R.

PEWTER CHURCH PLATE.

ECCLESIASTICAL pewter is a subject interesting not only because of its special nature, but for the reason that it represents some of the earliest uses of the metal in England. This is not in itself extraordinary, for to the religious orders we owe not only many of the nascent impulses of art and literature, but much that ensured their maintenance and development. The preservation also of what already existed during the troubled times when internal strife put an end to artistic endeavour, and waged war not only on men, but upon the output of their peaceful and inspired moments, is likewise a debt we owe to the religious communities. What is remarkable, however, is the fact that the earliest sacramental pieces, the sepulchral chalices of the thirteenth century, found in the tombs of bishops and priests, furnish some of the finest examples of the pewterer's art. Dignity of line, beauty of composition, the special boast which English pewter can safely maintain against the claims of continental productions, remarkable for their elaborate ornamentation—here we have them in their purest form. I take one example: a chalice and paten, discovered in the tomb of Gilbert de Swinfield, Chancellor of the Choir of Hereford Cathedral (1297), which will amply substantiate my statement. Unaided by moulding or ornament of any kind, it stands a thing of beauty, an exquisite example of what proportion and the dignity of inspired simplicity can achieve in a work of art. As will be seen, the height of the stem, the circling knob, the shallow spreading bowl, follow the lines of the silver chalice of the same period. Indeed, at all times, but more particularly after 1600, does most of the English ecclesiastical pewter follow, at a humble distance, the shape and fashion of the contemporaneous silver church plate. Except for reasons of economy, and during the times when silver plate was looted to meet the demands of private or Royal needs, notably in the case of Richard the Lion-hearted, when a great part of the church plate of England was appropriated to pay his ransom of 100,000 marks, pewter was not allowed by the Catholic Church to be used for the manufacture of sacred vessels. As early as 1175, the Council of Westminster put a stop to what was evidently a former practice (and which did not reappear until post-Reformation times), and thereafter chalices and patens of the base metal were only used for sepulchral purposes. Representing the sacramental vessels of gold and silver, they were placed in the tombs of bishops and priests and buried with them as part of the insignia of their office—as in the case of a knight, his sword and armour being interred with him. To

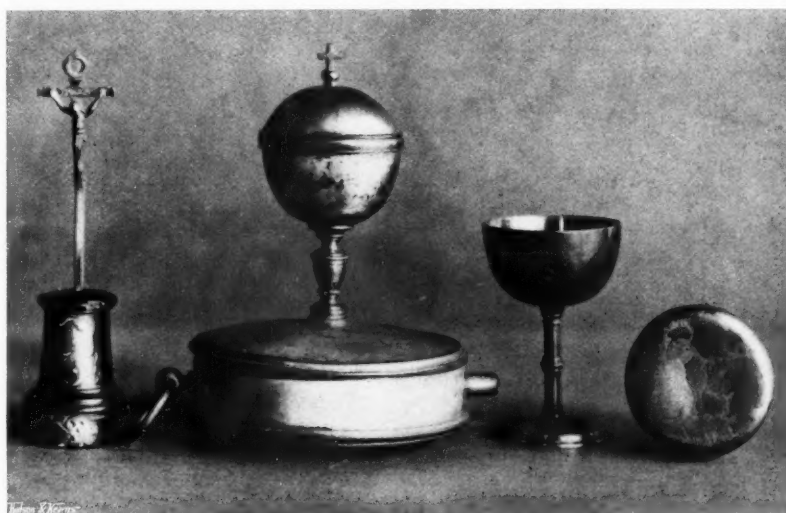


CHALICE AND PATEN FOUND IN TOMB AT HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

this day the old practice is still, formally, carried on. The gold or silver chalice and paten are placed on the coffin of the priest or bishop as he lies before the altar, but for the reason of their costly nature they are removed before the body is borne out for burial. It may therefore be said that, with the exception of those found in tombs, pewter chalices and patens date from post-Reformation times. Towards the middle half of the sixteenth century the Commissioners of Edward VI. ordered, among other changes, that chalices and patens be exchanged for two communion cups of "the same weight and value." These in turn disappeared during the short period of the restored ritual under Queen Mary, only to be reintroduced by the reinforcement of the injunction of Edward by Queen Elizabeth. During these reigns, in fact from the Reformation to the early seventeenth century, very little church pewter was made. After 1600 the pewter communion cups assumed various shapes and dimensions, according to the size of

the parish and the number of communicants; but in point of beauty they were a seemingly intentional degeneration from the shapely chalice of pre-Reformation times (I speak of pewter communion cups). This was due to a coarseness of line and composition and to the absence of the Elizabethan paten-cover, which might have lent them a redeeming grace. That there should have been a marked departure in form from the "monument of superstition" which preceded them, explains itself; but that the change should have necessitated so wide a departure from recognised lines of beauty is less easily understood. Vagaries there also were in the shape of porringers and low beaker cups, both intended for the ministration of the sacrament. Some fine specimens are still to be found in Leicestershire, a county rich in pewter plate. Cruets are rare. Although common in country churches prior to the Reformation, few survived the reign of Edward VI.

As the reformed practice of receiving in both kinds became the rule, flagons were introduced for serving the wine, the thirtieth Canon of 1603-4 enacting that "Wine we require to be brought to the Communion-table in a clean and sweet standing pot or stoup of pewter, if not of purer metal." Previous to that date flagons were extremely rare. To-day they represent numerically the most important remainder of post-Reformation pewter church plate. In height and shape they followed the example of their precious confrères, from the early flat lid to the dome-shaped cover (and occasional spout), with slight deviations of handle or thumb-piece, and with a humbler repetition of line and moulding.



CHURCH VESSELS USED DURING PERSECUTION TIMES (HALF-SIZE).

The early thirteenth century patens were small and flat. In fact, their size and shape, with little variation, remain permanent, for the reason that they were and are used only by the celebrant as a repository for the wafer-bread before consecration. After the Reformation they grew, from necessity, in size for the use of the congregation. The earliest of these were plain—a wide rim, free of ornament, and a shallow central depression, carrying out the order of simplicity. Slight variations occur until we arrive at the paten salvers on feet of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These follow the example of their silver contemporaries: simple, moulded or gadrooned edges, feet according with the convention of their date. Again there were changes, and necessity supplies us with exceptional instances when ordinary domestic pewter plates were used as patens.

Alms-dishes are not uncommon. They supplanted undoubtedly the earlier wooden "dish for the offerings," but I do not know of any prior to the seventeenth century. Many of them bore the engraved name or initials of the churchwardens, a smaller number the names of their donors, or of the churches to which they belonged. Small alms-basins of the eighteenth century are still to be found, and some of these were probably used in the font. Of trencher plates there are many examples. These were not a part of the church plate, but in domestic use, and were probably presented by parishioners to be used as collecting dishes. Services of pewter—indeed, single specimens—used by ecclesiastics for domestic purposes are extremely



Soup-dish with bishop's mitre on rim. *Chalice (Dutch), XVIII. century.* *Paten, XVIII. century.* *Paten, XVIII. century.* *Chalice, XVIII. century.* *Soup-dish with bishop's mitre on rim, XVIII. century.*
Candlestick, XVIII. century. *Paten salver on foot, XVIII. century.* *Communion flagon and cups, XVIII. century.* *Flagon, XVII. century.* *Soup-bowl (Sw ss), XVII. century.*

A GROUP OF PEWTER CHURCH PLATE.

rare. I have a set of nineteen soup and meat dishes in my possession bearing the engraved mitre of a bishop on the rim of each plate. They belonged probably to the diocese of Durham, whose bishops, while Palatines, made it a practice of placing their mitre over a marquess's crown.

It has been a difficult task, the compression of centuries and the chronology of changes that have marked their stubborn years, but I trust that enough has been made clear to present a short history of English ecclesiastical pewter, at least from the seventeenth century to our own time. Prior to that date the mortuary chalices and patens alone remain as examples of mediæval pewter. And they owe their existence to burial and to the hidden years of tomb-life. What preceded the Reformation did not survive it.

To-day, indeed, for many days, the use of pewter church vessels has been largely discontinued. But there are still, I am happy to say, a few hidden parishes where they do exist, and where they form the only church plate. The lack of wealth, no doubt, and perhaps the tenacity of old habit, preserves them in lonely districts where time moves yet slowly, and where progress is not eagerly understood.

ANTONIO DE NAVARRO.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH FURNITURE.

A FASHION or style which maintains an uninterrupted vogue for a long series of years, will be found to embody more than a superficial amount of merit. The fleeting desire for novelty quickly wears itself out, and if no more solid qualities than that of newness can be urged for a mode, its triumph will be short-lived. Now the taste for eighteenth century furniture—the work or design of such men as Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, or the Brothers Adam—has maintained a hold upon the public extending over some years. At the outset the interest was confined to a few artists or connoisseurs possessed of a taste beyond their generation, who appreciated and understood what the eighteenth century men had achieved. They saw the sense of symmetry, the regard for proportion and limitation of ornamentation, that such a man as Chippendale possessed. Gradually the attention of the public became fixed upon these men, whose merits they heard so extolled, and they finally became so enamoured with the style that it supplanted almost entirely all that had held the field. To-day the demand for fine specimens is greater than ever, and their popularity will continue so long as nothing more meritorious is placed before the world, or until (and this seems most unlikely) taste again becomes debased.

Without a doubt, the greatest designer of this interesting period was Thomas Chippendale. He it was who embodied the essentially eighteenth century English spirit into all his work, and



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CHIPPENDALE DINING-CHAIR.

"C.L."

it is to his genius we owe the furniture that is so indispensable to the *ensemble* of a room of the time. At the same time, it must never be forgotten that what we designate the English style is virtually nothing but a composite of many styles, with an added national characteristic feeling and workmanship typical of our nation. It has been erroneously given forth that Chippendale initiated the style that we associate with his name. The carelessness of the early writers upon the subject, who obtained access to his book of designs, and assumed all too readily that all that was therein contained was his original idea, was responsible



CHIPPENDALE DINING-CHAIR IN CHINESE TASTE.

for this. Later researches, however, have established quite clearly whence he obtained his ideas. His chairs are, on the whole, his most personal pieces, and a close study of them will impart a very good idea of his artistic development. The early examples have much in common with those produced in the first years of the eighteenth century by makers whose names have long been forgotten. By developing this form, he produced that exquisite series a fine specimen of which is shown. Chippendale, in approaching the model of his predecessor, has here grasped the points which could receive improvement. The outline of the back is strong, and the whole design well balanced. The corners of the top



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RIBBON-BACK CHAIR.

"C.L."

rail are terminated in graceful scrolls which add finish and beauty to the design. The "splat," or centre of the back, is of uncommon, interlaced pattern, and, together with the side rails of the chair, is superficially carved with oak leaf and acorn enrichment. The legs are cabriole, with finely-modelled "claw-and-ball" feet, and the knees are carved with the same leaf as in the back. In looking at this chair one cannot but be impressed with the refinement of its detail, nor unappreciative of the skill of its designer in welding grace and strength together so happily.

But Chippendale received influence from other sources than his native land. He was profoundly impressed by the Louis XV. style, and much of his best work was executed when he was endeavouring to transcribe its salient features. About the same period, also, Sir William Chambers returned to England from a

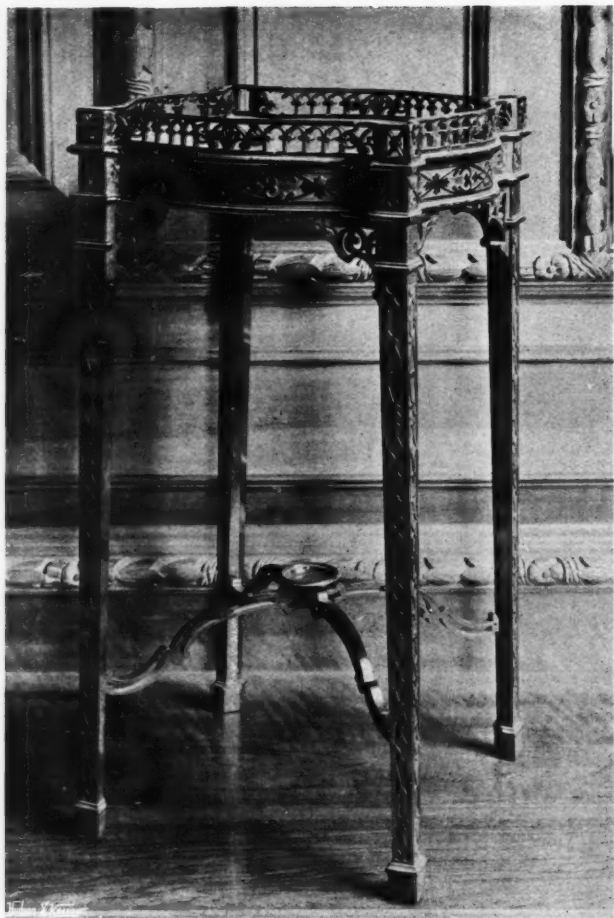
journey to China, and brought with him a considerable amount of information about that little-known country, and also a great number of designs employed by the Chinese in the embellishment of their houses and furniture. To-day we know that these latter were nothing but Chambers's impressions of Oriental decoration, which is possessed of infinitely more merit than our ancestors were aware of. But in the eighteenth century these publications of Chambers's created a tremendous sensation, and for many years the fashion prevailed for furniture, and also decoration, in what was termed the "Chinesetaste." Chippendale catered



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CHIPPENDALE CHINA TABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CHIPPENDALE TABLE.

"C.L."

for the popular demand. In the arm-chair illustrated we have a particularly good example of his Chinese manner. The back and arms are filled with an intricate design of lattice-work, whilst the former is surmounted with a pagoda top. The legs are of square form with sunk panels on the face, the lower stretchers being fretted with a simple design. The whole of the frame of this chair is painted and varnished black and enriched with gold lacquer, in imitation of the Chinese method. These chairs are most unusual, and have caned seats, upon which was doubtless placed a loose cushion.

Frequently Chippendale combined the Chinese and the rococo (Louis XV.) styles, and very charming pieces in this way he produced. We have illustrated a singularly good example. The general lines of the back are much the same form as in the earlier efforts of the master, but the top rail is now of much more complicated design, and is embellished with richly-carved rococo decoration. The centre of the back is filled with an elaborate design executed in the same spirit, which has given the name of "ribbon back" to this variety. Nearly the whole of this ornamentation Chippendale has derived from his contemporaries in France, but how differently he makes use of it. He adds to it those curious tassels which are seen between the loops of ribbon, and also employs them to relieve the outer rails of severity and plainness. It is, indeed, only when a close examination is attempted that the real character of the design becomes apparent. At a very short distance it has a thoroughly English appearance. The lower framing of this piece, however, is again in the Chinese taste. The legs are elaborately fretted with a design carried out in the same spirit as the arm-chair described above, and the stretchers and small spandrel pieces under the seat are in harmony. It would appear as though Chippendale was anxious to embrace as many styles as possible in this example, for he has added to the front legs a pair of scroll feet of curious design, which might have been taken from a chair of the Stuart period.

If such a chair had been simply described, one would naturally expect a most weird result from such seemingly incongruous styles; but it is a tribute to the genius of Chippendale that he has so skilfully welded these styles together that he has not only succeeded in avoiding the pitfalls that would have proved fatal to a man of less ability, but has produced a chair in sympathy with the canons of good taste.

It was, however, the master's study of the Chinese designs which prompted the creation of that series of tables which we admire so to-day. Take, for example, the exceedingly elaborate fretwork China table depicted. The top, gracefully shaped on

all sides, is surmounted by a gallery pierced with a geometrical design, varied by central panels of scroll pattern. Beneath, the frieze is also elaborately fretted. The legs, too, are pierced, and, to impart additional strength, are backed by pillars which by an ingenious arrangement are brought in as a portion of the plan. The legs are bound together by shaped cross-stretchers, also fretted, and so disposed as to form an admirable centre of interest to the eye, whilst at the same time, by the more vigorous treatment of their design, they emphasise the delicacy of the upper portion and throw it into relief.

The small urn table in the illustration is of bolder and simpler design, whilst partaking of the same character. There is less fretwork here, the gallery and small spandrels under the frieze being the only portions treated in that manner, whilst the remainder of the piece is given over to carved trellis enrichment. The legs slightly taper, and terminate in square toes. They are decorated on the two exposed sides with a set pattern akin to that employed in the frieze. The stretchers are placed about one-third of the distance from the ground to the top of the table, and advance higher in the centre than in the other table, with a view to breaking up the intervening space more effectually.

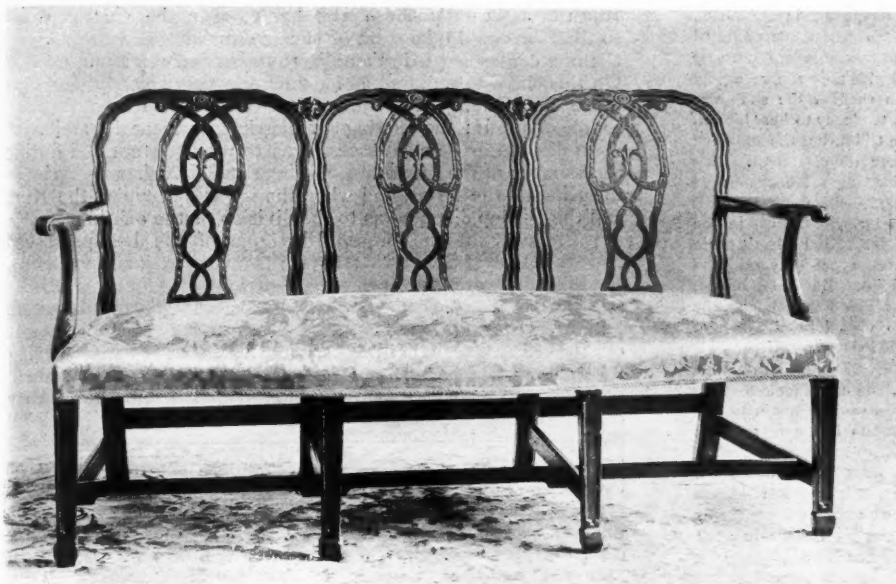
Although Chippendale exercised a great influence upon contemporary cabinet-makers, so much so, that it is difficult frequently to distinguish his designs from those of many another craftsman of his time, yet there were other men of less susceptible temperament who produced furniture of quite distinct type. Curiously enough, these latter appear often to have received their inspiration from the same source as Chippendale. But how differently they utilise these ideas. Many of their names, alas! are forgotten, and their productions have been assigned to well-known men. Occasionally, however, we encounter a specimen which cannot be defined as the work of any of the great craftsmen, and yet which is obviously a piece of the period. Such an example we have in the elbow-chair shown. But for certain English characteristics it might well pass for a French production of the time of Louis XV. It is the work of an Englishman of the last decade of the eighteenth century, who has well assimilated the spirit of that great period. The legs and arms possess that grace of contour and balance of parts which are not infrequently found in the native productions of the time, whilst the bold decoration in relief upon them is worthy of the best period of English craftsmanship. Such a chair, in France, would necessarily be covered, both the seat and the back, with tapestry—a style of decoration for which there was no demand here. The designer has consequently been obliged to have recourse to other means for filling the intervening space of the back. He has accomplished this by employing three splats of



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MAHOGANY ELBOW-CHAIR, 1790.

"C.L."



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HEPPLEWHITE SETTEE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

essentially English feeling, and, strange to say, they harmonise uncommonly well with the remainder of the chair.

But side by side with this rococo spirit that influenced some of the foremost of the English cabinet-makers of the time, we have a more sober influence at work. Much the same revolt against the all-pervading rococo we find occurring in France at the same time, and which brought about the style we know to-day as Louis Seize. In England a school of designers was working to achieve a similar end. Both nations were protesting against the flamboyant and bombastic designs which in the later years of the rococo vogue threatened to culminate in the ridiculous and eccentric. The newcomers urged that the time had arrived to go back to the Grecian style, and endeavour to again bring creative art into the channels of purity and simplicity. This was the endeavour of such men as Sheraton and Hepplewhite, and they produced furniture nearly, if not quite, equal to their more renowned contemporary. Very good examples of the latter will be seen in the two settees here charmingly illustrated.

They are each composed of three chair backs. A curious feature of the former is the wavy outline of the backs, which produces a very charming and delicate effect. The legs are tapering, but plain, as is also the under-framing. The latter is of more solid design. It is constructed of satin-wood (which had only recently been imported into Europe), very broadly cut, the chair backs being of shield form, with no carving in relief. Instead, it is embellished with that painted decoration which yields such lovely effects when used in conjunction with this wood. The splats are of vase shape, boldly treated in sympathy with the remainder of the design, and the legs are of the plain tapering order.

For the drawing-room, furniture of this class is perhaps more suitable than that of Chippendale and his school, for it is more restrained in feeling, and presents a neater and lighter appearance. But for the dining-room, the library, or the hall it lacks assertiveness, richness, and solidity, and for these rooms the creations of Chippendale are yet without a rival through the possession of these very qualities. R. FREEMAN SMITH.

AN ABJECT. REPTILE.

THE most abject of reptiles and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it and is touched with the feelings of gratitude." Thus speaks Gilbert White of a land-tortoise in a Hampshire garden.

It is not an encouraging character for a pet. The tortoise of which I write was chosen out of three laid on the counter, because a small one which put out its head and waved its legs, for 1s., seemed a better investment than an ample, but inert, mass of shell for

1s. 6d. And he was as beautifully marked as a tabby cat. Placed in a firm paper bag, the purchaser was assured he would survive a twenty minutes' walk unsuffocated; but, the day being warm, the mouth of the bag was kept open, to be sure that the creature remained right side up and was not scraping himself a way out to destruction. During the first fortnight in his new home the weather became colder, and his behaviour was not very exhilarating; still, he looked nice and clean, and there was no danger—to him—in his being fallen over whilst he lay wrapped in thought for hours on one spot on the floor. At night he was more active, and would be heard suddenly clattering over the parquet, or trying to shin up an old-fashioned fender. He soon knew his way about, and was quite at home. People had varied ideas about his diet, and in the shop they said, "Put him in the garden"—a London back garden—"and he will feed himself." But the garden in question is so overshadowed by trees that only the most callous ferns or shrubs can prosper in it, and his food was doubtful; so his earliest meal in his new home was bread and milk from a doll's dish, which was just at the right level for his chin. He would walk across the dish after a few mouthfuls, with his peculiarly high and disastrous action, distributing sop on the surrounding carpet; so his next meal was spread

upon a table-cloth. One friend said, "Give him slugs," and also suggested worms. The latter, of the most tempting proportions and colouring, were dug out and laid before him in vain. He took a mild observance of their wriggings, and let them escape. Woodlice he followed with his nose, but their activity was bewildering; and when they came out unexpectedly from beneath his shell or between his feet, he was clearly surprised at their impertinence, but unequal to revenge. The slugs chosen for him were a failure. He was carried to the (so-called) fernery, and a large paving-stone was overturned, he being then set down in the midst of an insect population. Slugs lay bulky and shiny like stranded whales, woodlice scurried around, worms writhed to cover, and great centipedes made for the shelter of our boot soles, routing us on to the path below. The abject reptile seemed stunned at first by the bustle around him, a countryman in the Strand; then he turned and fled away—anywhere out of the crowd. He did not wish to dwell in the midst of alarms; he would not hunt such game. On cool days he lay *perdu* among some iris roots. In the sun he came out and caracoled on the gravel with a high, rocking action, stopping to explore with his nose, or crop some ill-advised green thing sprouting in his desert, or to think and blink, motionless in contemplation. In the really hot weather he was ravenous, and his bill for lettuces ran to quite 3d. a week. He liked them kept crisp and moist to crunch in his toothless jaws, and pieces of stalk which refused to go down made him blink and gulp alarmingly whilst drumming on his shell seemed hardly local enough as a treatment to give him relief. Above all, he loved strawberries, and for one of these he would hurry some yards to grab and snap at the dainty, all his shyness gone, and replaced by a ponderous playfulness which made him seize the fingers which fed him and leave a visible pinch on the skin. There was a cornelian ring, too, which he mistook for fruit, and would scramble after and bite vigorously if the hand wearing it was within reach. Cherries and raspberries he delighted in, hanging on to them till his flat-featured face was besmeared



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DECORATED SATIN-WOOD SETTEE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with juice up to the eyes, and helping himself with his claws if in difficulties. He occasionally drank some water, sitting in the bird's saucer, but preferred moisture in the form of green food. The August sunshine made him very gay, and he would be seen hastening over the gravel with rather more agility and less grace than a vestry mud-cart. In autumn weather the shop was consulted as to where he should winter (he showed a tendency to bury himself in the mould). People said a greenhouse would suit him, but the only one available was never heated, and after a night there on clammy tiles his comatose condition and arctic temperature were alarming. He was moved to a fern-box under tall leaves, and safely surrounded by netting. This offended him deeply, and, after various attempts to strangle himself in the meshes, he was rescued late at night and hissing loudly. Kind friends made suggestions for his comfort. One said their tortoise, a pet of youth, had always wintered in the kitchen cupboard in an old hat. But it was a little hard to find the headgear, masculine or feminine, which had come to the stage when it might offer a hybernaculum, and to visit Jermyn Street or Bond Street for the latest fashion seemed an excessive yielding to the luxury of the age. There was also mentioned a tortoise which wintered in a kitchen cupboard and was found to be only shell—and, well, you can alter one letter—in the spring. So the most torpid of beings had a wooden box with half a lid and one side out and a bit of flannel at the bottom in a corner of the library. If the half-lid was shut, he was often quite still till evening, when lamplight and warmth awoke him, and he popped up like a Jack-in-the-box, and the scrape of his scrabbling claws (some were missing) startled the unprepared visitor. He would go forth at times to explore, choosing chiefly the hearth-rug and the neighbourhood of the window for his walks. He often propped himself on his hind legs, and peered out over the side of his sleeping apartment, waving his fore legs dramatically. Surely he was preaching, and at "lastly" he overbalanced with a thud, and lay, till he was readjusted, a humiliated upside-down. In winter he neither ate nor drank, only walking straight over his dish if it was put before him. It was not easy to see if he was thin; his complexion was healthily bronzed and his bead-eye bright, and he appeared friendly, too, allowing a youthful admirer to kiss his nose and call him "darling." Outwardly cold and unresponsive, he had a certain blandness and toleration for liberties taken which made one fancy a little warmth somewhere within and an especial acknowledgment of his owner's attentions, and, like the reptile of White's anecdotes, he could distinguish the person who fed him. Then he did not excite too much notice or covetousness amongst visitors, or display such cleverness as to alarm one for his brain; he did not bite or scratch; he was a very negative sort of pet. He was not, one must own, very useful or ornamental; silent, amiable, inexpensive, untaxed, and easy of control, he had points of his own, and one hoped that, in spite of his prehistoric appearance, he had many peaceful winters and good strawberry summers before him. Alas! in his second winter in his London home some fateful disease attacked him, and he expired in the garden in the first warm sunshine of summer, which it was hoped would bring him back to a fresh lease of active existence.

K. J.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

It would be difficult to find a more attractive subject than that of the last resting-places of our national saints. The present volume—*Shrines of British Saints*, by J. Charles Wall, one of the series of Antiquary's Books published by Messrs. Methuen—brings together a large amount of information on the subject, which is either inaccessible or only accessible with difficulty to the ordinary reader, yet while it tells us much it leaves much untold. The subject is not approached from the most interesting side when it only attempts "to picture the various classes of shrines which were raised in Great Britain to honour the memory and the relics of the saints, to describe the construction of the greater shrines, to comprehend the riches of art bestowed upon them, and to expose the dominating reason for their destruction." We all know that the piety or pride of the dwellers in some monastery or city thought nothing too good to be given to their saints, and that the most beautiful work that the Middle Ages could produce was lavished on the receptacle for the remains of the glory of the place. Possibly local rivalry may have had something to do with it, but the possessors of relics never hesitated to give of their best to make a receptacle worthy of the relics. We do not need to be told the dominating reason for the destruction of the shrines—it was plunder disguised under the name of reform of religion in doing away with superstitious idolatry. This is well known to all, and has unfortunately led to the destruction of much that was most beautiful, and can never be replaced.

Mr. Wall defines a shrine as "the tomb or coffin containing the relics of a saint." It is not a happy definition, as it includes as a shrine all relics, wherever deposited. It should rather be the place where the cult of a particular saint is principally practised because of the existence of a tomb or coffin containing his relics. The relics were usually placed in a coffin or "feretrum," which was portable and able to be carried about in procession or otherwise. Possibly the most remarkable instance of taking relics from place to place was that of Queen Edith, who, as the *Evesham Chronicle* relates, held a loan exhibition of bones at Gloucester, in order to select some for her private use. The Queen sent round to a number of monasteries orders to bring their relics to Gloucester; among others she sent to Evesham. The monks declined to part with the relics of St. Egwin, but one of the abbots had bought part of a Dutch saint—St. Odulf—for them, and the feretrum containing that part was sent.

Edith brought a goldsmith with her to open the various cases, so that she could take a bit of each saint, but when she directed the box containing Odulf's relics to be opened she became blind. On this she desisted, and had a new and very splendid feretrum made for Odulf. The possession of a shrine was a great source of profit; the offerings of pilgrims were considerable. A great dispute arose at Worcester as to who was entitled during the vacancy of the see to the offerings at St. Wolstan's shrine—the King or the Prior, and when the see was occupied the King and the Bishop disputed as to the division of the offerings.

Probably at the present day one of the best-preserved shrines is that of St. David; the feretrum has long ago vanished, but the stonework of the shrine, with the opening for the offerings, still survives. St. David was one of the saints whose relics were habitually carried about the district, many of the tenants of the Bishop's land holding by virtue of their following the relics when carried out for a certain distance. In time of war all were bound to follow them any distance, provided they could get home the same night. An interesting point Mr. Wall hardly notices is what was the distinction between saints who were carried out and saints who were not. St. David, as has been said, was constantly taken out, St. Detricius, one of the great Llandaff saints, never. In fact, his bones remained in the tomb and were not put into a feretrum. The same appears to have been the case with St. Teilo. Here there is some reason; it was the habit to swear any particularly solemn oath on St. Teilo's relics, so they would remain at home for the purpose. The feretrum containing the remains of the Irish St. Moedoc, whose relics were also used for the taking of any oath of peculiar solemnity, was frequently lent out for that purpose. In 1846 the borrower, instead of returning the relics to the church of Dumlane, sold them to a jeweller, and they ultimately came into the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Mr. Wall tells what will be news to many—that the genuine relics of St. Chad are now treasured in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Birmingham; but he does not relate, in his account of that "shining jewel," St. Thomas of Hereford, that his relics are still preserved. He died on his way from Rome to England in 1282. His body was boiled, the flesh taken from the bones, and the bones brought back to Hereford. A great ceremony took place at the translation of St. Thomas in 1287, at which Edward I. was present. So struck was the King with the power of the saint that he sent his falconer with a sick falcon to Hereford for St. Thomas to cure. On another occasion he sent a falconer with a wax image of the sick bird and an offering of 6d. to the shrine of St. Thomas; this not being effectual, the bird itself was sent. The tomb or shrine on which the feretrum containing the bones of St. Thomas rested still remains in the cathedral. At the Reformation the bones passed into the possession of a former vice-president of St. John's College, Oxford, a Mr. Ely, and ultimately, after various transfers, went to Stonyhurst College, where they now are, or at least some of them. Mr. Wall gives an interesting account of the shrine of St. Richard of Chichester. He had been canonised in 1262, and in 1269 an effort was made, nominally, to make him a shrine. A proctor of the chapter of Chichester was sent round to ask the alms of the faithful, but as the cost of obtaining his canonisation was 1,000 marks, possibly the collection went to liquidate the debt. Mr. Wall says his relics were placed in a feretrum on the tomb until a fitting shrine could be obtained for their reception; this was not till 1276, when the translation took place. The list of the jewels which, according to Mr. Wall, were presented to the shrine shows what a reputation St. Richard gained.

It would be ungracious to go on making comments on Mr. Wall's book to show the omissions; probably he considered he was merely describing the shrines from an artistic point of view, not relating their history. He has shown us how much we have lost, and what beautiful specimens of art the shrines that have perished must have been. Every diocese, every great religious house, had its saint, and the rivalry between them to elaborate the shrines of their patron saints caused such a collection of art treasures to be formed in the country as England has never again seen.

Mr. Wall rightly laments over "the sad story of the destruction of England's shrines." He does not, however, refer to the fact that the destruction was followed by something almost amounting to contempt of saints in the minds of the Anglican clergy. Nothing can show this better than the conduct of one of the successors of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Archbishop Herring, whose idea of St. Anselm is worth recording. In 1752, Count Tesson, the ambassador at the English Court from the King of Sardinia, was directed by his Government to ask if there would be any objection to allowing the transfer to Aosta of the remains of St. Anselm. The Archbishop on this wrote to the Dean of Canterbury: "I have no great scruples on this head, but if I had I would get rid of them all if the parting with the rotten remains of a rebel to his King, a slave to the Popedom, and an enemy to the married clergy (all this Anselm was), would purchase ease and indulgence to one living Protestant. . . . I should make no conscience of palming on the simpleton any other old

Bishop with the name of Anselm!" The Dean replies that Anselm was canonised, had a shrine, and the name of St. Peter and St. Paul's altar was changed in Henry VII.'s time to St. Anselm's altar. He goes on to say that the undercroft of the cathedral was in so neglected a state that it would not be desirable to allow the Sardinian Ambassador to see it, and deprecates any looking for the remains of an old Archbishop only to be removed and deposited in his native country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRING WITHIN DOORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent to hear that I have also tried the experiment this year of forcing hard-wooded shrubs into bloom indoors, in water, with great success. But, unlike the illustration of ribes, reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE of March 11th, mine has not only flowered abundantly (the blooms being pure white, slightly tinged with pink), but the sprays have also produced quantities of bright green leaves of a somewhat lighter tint than those we are accustomed to see out of doors. The effect of a mass of these green sprays, with long racemes of white flowers, is both pretty and unusual, and has excited no small degree of interest. Can anyone explain why the flowers should not retain their original colour? Mine have been exposed to the light ever since first cut and brought indoors, and on sunny days placed in the window. The vases stood on a warm mantel-piece, and were filled up daily with warm water. I am now starting some branches of purple lilac on the same lines. It will be interesting to note whether the blooms in this case also become white. It might be well to state that when growing any hard-wooded subjects in water, the bark on the stem should always be peeled for about an inch or so.—MAUD F. REYNARD.

INIGO JONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fine old gateway to the stables of Forty Hall was built by Inigo Jones for Sir Nicholas Raynton, who also built the mansion. Sir Nicholas was Lord Mayor in 1633, and died at Forty Hall in 1646. Little evidence of the work of Inigo Jones remains in the mansion, it having been altered and improved (?) several times during the eighteenth century; but the bold and massive exterior, with its fine chimneys, is almost reproduced in the building of Highnam in Gloucestershire. The beautiful red-brick gateway is a characteristic example of the effect which Inigo Jones could give to the simplest design by the judicious management of light and shadow, and the solid durability of appearance which distinguishes all his works—a feature so painfully wanting in many of the architectural productions of the present day.—H. B.

COUNTRY COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your articles on the country cottage have interested me very much. The question of cost has been a perpetual difficulty. I have before me, and send with this letter, particulars of the costs of building various labourers' dwellings in agricultural districts a hundred years ago, and think the details will not be uninteresting to your readers. Many owners of estates would like to be able to build to-day with similar economy.—SARSDEN.

FOR TWO BRICK COTTAGES.

Bricklayers' Work.		£	s.	d.
The walls, 166 square, at 4s. 6d. per square	...	37	7	0
Pan-tiling, with small-sized deal lath, and sparkled within-side, 10½ square, at 1s. 2d. per square	...	11	11	0
Partitions, lathed and plastered on each side, with two coats of mortar, 107yds., at 10d. per yard	...	4	9	0
Plastering the walls, 144yds., at 6d. per yard	...	3	12	0
Paving with white bricks, 125yds., at 1s. 4d. per yard	...	8	6	8
Ceiling, between the joists, 125yds., at 6d. per yard	...	3	2	6
Two ground-floor chimneys, and two fireplaces in the chambers, and two ovens and oven-lids	...	9	2	0
Foot-lacing in the chamber	...	1	1	0
Two flagstones for the chamber chimneys	...	0	4	0
Glaziers' Work.		£	s.	d.
Sixty-nine feet of glass, at 8d. p. r foot	...	2	6	0
Flashings of lead for the roof-windows	...	0	10	0
Smiths' Work.		£	s.	d.
Two large casements, at 6s. 6d. each	...	0	13	0
Four small casements, at 4s. each	...	0	16	0
Chimney-irons to hang pots on	...	0	7	6
Two stoves for chamber fireplaces	...	0	13	0
Carpenters' Work.		£	s.	d.
Four tons of pollard timber, at £1 per ton	...	4	0	0
Five tons of deal timber, at £2 5s. per ton	...	11	5	0
Nine square and 40ft. of roofing, at 9s. per square	...	4	4	6
Six square and a-half of flooring-joists, at 7s. 6d. per square	...	2	8	0
Twelve doors, at 4s. each	...	2	8	0
Eight windows, at 2s. 6d. each	...	1	0	0
Two winding staircases, at £1 5s. each	...	2	10	0

Six square of flooring, with white wood deal, at 18s. per square	...	£	s.	d.
Twelve pair of door-cases, at 2s. a pair	...	1	4	0
Five square of stud partitions, at 6s. 6d. per square	...	1	12	6
Two pieces of timber to lay on the chimneys	...	0	2	0
Two roof windows, at 6s. each	...	0	12	0
Nails and irons for doors	...	1	12	0
Eight window-boards, at 1s each	...	0	8	0
Shelves and work to pantries	...	0	12	0
Carriage of materials, estimated at	...	8	0	0
Add, to make the calculation even	...	0	13	4

£132 0 0

The amount of the two cottages	...	£132	0	0
The amount of one	...	£66	0	0

Then comes the expenditure incurred in the building of two cottages for stud works, and without going into the minutiae of the complete details, it may be stated that the expense works out as follows for these buildings:

Carpenters' work	...	£43	11	0
Smiths' work	...	2	9	6
Glaziers' work	...	2	16	0
Bricklayers' work	...	67	3	6

£116 0 0

The total cost of two brick-built cottages with hipped ends amounted to £140, and included in the accounts already alluded to is the cost of erecting two somewhat superior cottages with hipped ends, which comes out at £133.

MOVING AN OLD HOLLY TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers kindly advise me how to move a holly tree



(100 years old)? I shall be very glad to know if there is any possibility of its being done successfully.—M. D.

[April is the best time for moving, which must be done by a special machine, as illustrated in "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens."—ED.]

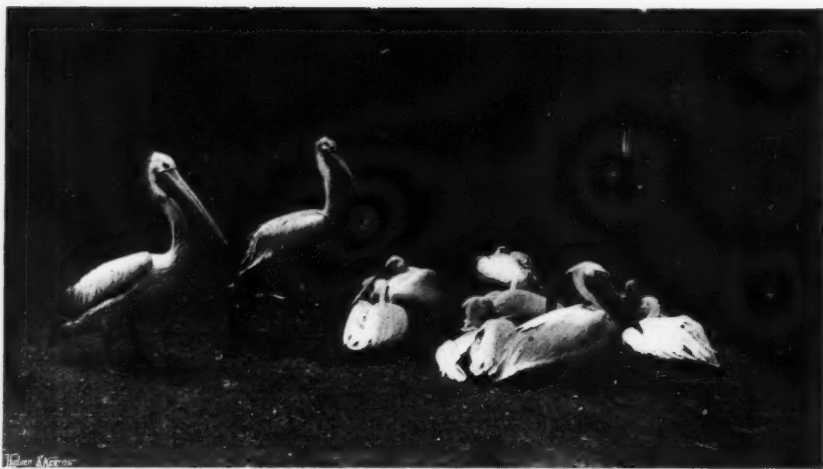
THE SPARROW PEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "E. M." might do worse than employ the following method of getting rid of sparrows, which is recommended in an old game-book compiled by John Mayer and published in 1820: "Take some lees of wine and hemlock juice, temper them together, and steep a quantity of wheat therein for the space of one night. Then place the same in a spot where the birds resort to feed, and when they have eaten thereof they will drop down dead drunk. Too much hemlock should not be used, or there will be a danger of poisoning the birds and rendering them unwholesome food." A more modern method, frequently practised with success, is to steep grain in whisky and scatter it for the birds to eat. If one has a taste for sparrow pie, which many old country-folk hold in esteem, here is an easy plan of getting the wherewithal to make it.—F. E. WILSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "E. M." is suffering from a very prevalent disorder. There are far too many sparrows everywhere in the country, and the only real remedy is to systematically keep killing them, and try to get as many of your neighbours to join as possible. So much a head, or per dozen, given to boys for either birds or eggs produced is worth trying. According to Mr. Swainson's "Folk-lore of British Birds," the Bohemians had the following charms for keeping sparrows from their crops: "(a) Stick upright in a field a splinter cut from a piece of timber out of which a coffin has been made. (b) Lay a bone taken from a grave on the threshold or



PELICANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph of a group of pelicans may prove of some interest to readers of your paper. They are more amusing as pets than most people might imagine. They are very readily tamed, and their solemn attempts at playfulness are more than amusing to watch. Ungainly as they appear to be, the rapidity and accuracy of their aim when catching a fish are simply wonderful, and few sights are more interesting than to watch them feeding their young. At times they will remain fixed in one position, apparently wrapped in profound reflection, and with an air of deep dejection, which remind one irresistibly of the lonely "Pelican in the Wilderness." Perhaps not all your readers are aware that they can study the habits of these curious birds for themselves in St. James's Park.—C. B.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF FORESTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice a letter, signed "B. V.," in your issue of the 4th inst. upon the subject of the possibilities of forestry as a profitable investment and industry in Great Britain. "B. V." gives no indication of what part of the kingdom he resides in, but it would appear to be a locality in which the growth of timber must be singularly poor. He states he does not think that planks and deals 3in. x 11in. and 3in. x 9in. could ever be replaced by home-grown timber, even if such large sizes (?) were obtainable from the small Scotch trees, on account of their inferior quality. This is a somewhat surprising statement, and if "B. V." were to visit the woods of many parts of

window-sill of your barn. (c) If, while sowing, you put three grains of corn under your tongue, wait till you have reached the end of the furrow in silence, and then spit them out 'in the name, etc.' No sparrow will come into your field, though your neighbour's may be full of them." But not having tried any of them, I cannot speak personally as to their efficacy in this country. Perhaps the safer course to take is to "kill and spare not."—LICHEN GREY.

COUNTRY LIFE IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Passing through Connaught Square, W., the other day, I was attracted by the chatter of rooks, and, on looking up, saw quite a colony of these birds building. A real glimpse of country life in London; and by the kind courtesy of one of the householders, I was enabled to take the accompanying photograph, which I send, thinking it may be of interest to your readers.—PERCY HORNE.

MANAGING A ROOKERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you could give me some information on the subject of rooks. We have a large rookery, and the birds are increasing too fast, building in trees where they are very much in the way. Can they be shot in particular trees now, when they are just beginning to build, without danger of disturbing the whole colony?—M. A. WATERFIELD.

[It is difficult to suggest a plan to meet your requirements. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to do so.—ED.]

POULTRY-KEEPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing lately so much correspondence on the subject of whether poultry-keeping was a paying business by itself, and the general opinion hardly appearing satisfactory, I take the liberty of asking whether it could be profitably combined with gardening, or would gardening by itself prove remunerative on a small scale? I should deem it a favour for any information on both these subjects. The size of the garden I have in mind is one to two acres at the most, and a starting capital of £100, or £200 maximum, for both poultry and garden combined.—G. N.



the South of Scotland, or the Highlands, he would, perhaps, be astonished to find a good many hundreds or thousands of acres of Scotch pine fully meeting the above requirements as regards size and quality. "B. V." further computes the price of such foreign timber delivered at inland towns in this country at 10½d. to 1s. 1½d. per cubic foot, a return which he considers quite inadequate for home-grown timber. I am inclined to think these figures are low enough, but, even taking the minimum, 10½d. per cubic foot, a fair return per acre is yielded, even after deducting the cost of felling and conversion. It should also be borne in mind that the price of all timber has in recent years been tending upwards, and is likely in course of time to attain a still higher level. Forestry has undoubtedly many difficulties to contend with in Britain, but it will not be helped forward by making out the case worse than it really is, or by taking an unduly pessimistic view of future prospects.—H.

AN OLD WOODCUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In this illustration, taken from a Venetian book published in the eighteenth century, is shown one of the primitive open-air carpenters' shops used in times of war. In the foreground stands the equivalent of the modern sawpit, at which the men, with tunics girt to the waist, are using the same pattern of frame-saw as that described by Dioscorides in the sixth century, while in front of them a third workman wields the "securis simplex," or one-bladed axe, of the kind depicted on Trajan's column. The timbers thus roughly shaped are, under the direction of the soldier, being used to construct one of the movable siege towers, "turres mobiles," which, covered with iron, rawhide, or quilts, soaked in alum to prevent destruction by fire, were utilised to protect slingers and scaling ladders in the final assault. As a rule, the wheels were placed inside for protection.—P.

